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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE shall shortly commence a new serial Tale of American Life by an eminent native author. This tale will be illustrated.

We continue in this number our OTHER serials, to wit:

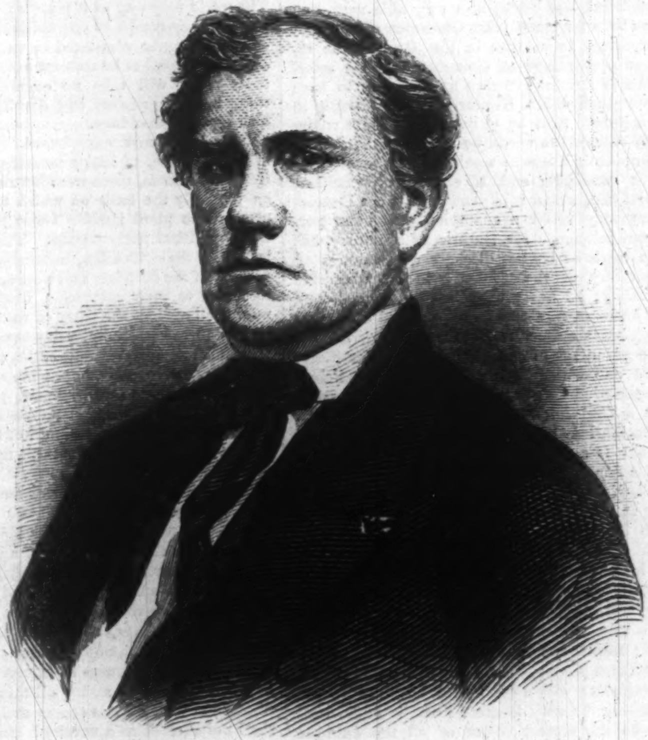
1. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS, with MCLENAN's illustrations—commenced in No. 152.

2. THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., an exquisite Story of American Life, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, illustrated by MCLENAN—commenced in No. 159.

3. THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE, by ELLA RODMAN—another charming Tale of Country Life in the United States—with HOMER's illustrations—commenced in No. 164.

On or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. The foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

We can furnish back numbers on receipt of the money.



HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, MAYOR ELECT OF CHICAGO.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, OF CHICAGO.

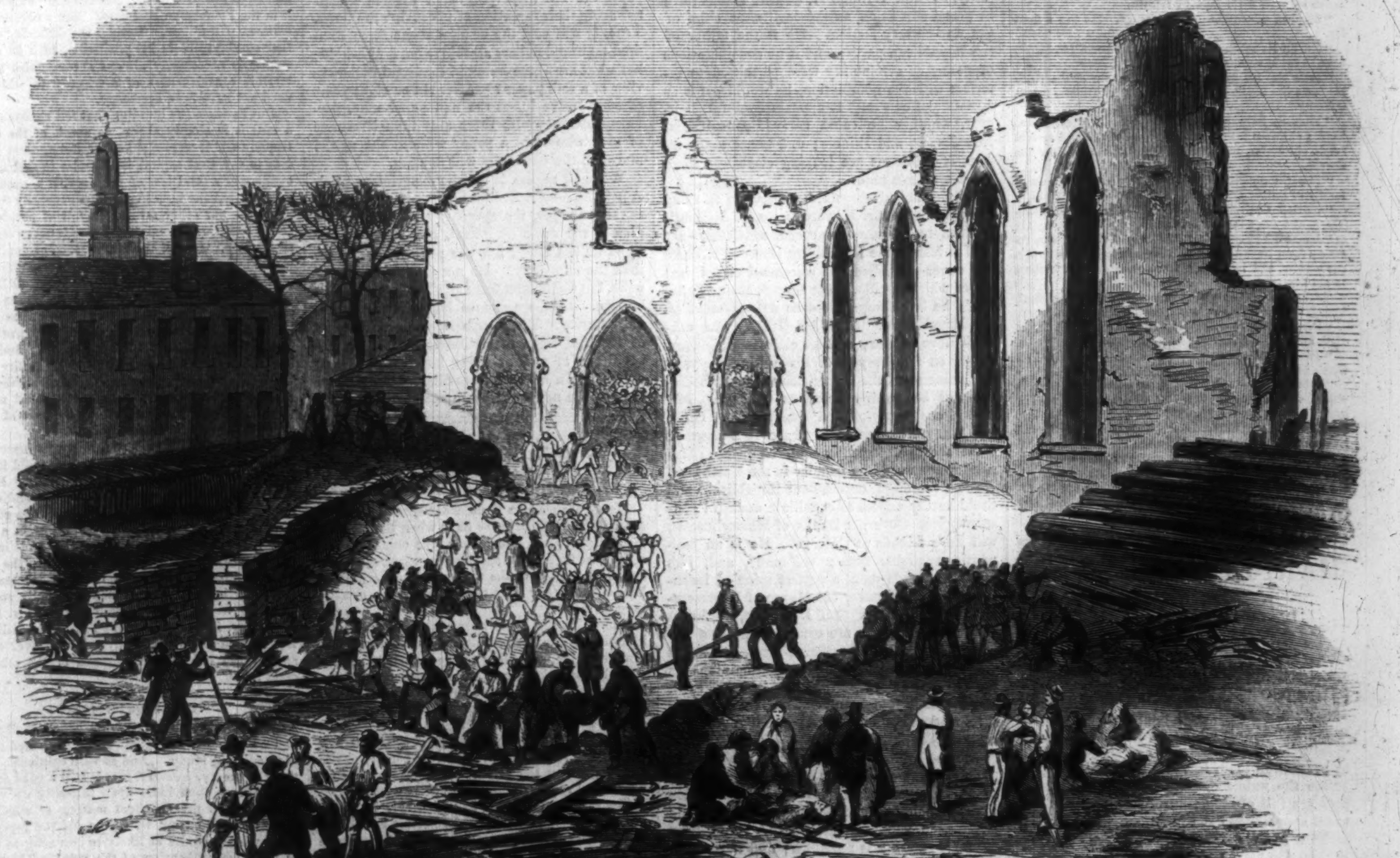
WE publish herewith a portrait of the Hon. John Wentworth, who was elected Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday last. Mr. Wentworth has many friends, and perhaps a few political enemies, who will be glad to see his bold face.

He was born forty-five years ago, in the town of Sandwich, in the State of New Hampshire, of poor parents. His family are of English origin, and claim descent from a noble family in the old country. While quite a lad he taught school for his support, and earned money enough to pay his expenses at Dartmouth College. At the close of his collegiate career he removed to the West, and settled at Chicago as a student of law. On his admission to the bar he speedily obtained some practice, and his courage and energy attracted attention. He shortly afterward connected himself with the press, and made himself known as a powerful writer. Embarking in politics, he was elected a representative to Congress in the year 1843, and sat twelve years in that body, winning respect from his fellow-members. On his return home he was elected Mayor of Chicago—an office to which he has just been re-elected, after a contest of unexampled bitterness. He was the candidate of the Republican and anti-Douglas party.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT CINCINNATI.

WE engrave herewith, from a sketch by Mr. E. Fraser, the shocking accident which occurred at Cincinnati on 1st inst. A Cincinnati paper thus describes the sad event:

"About half past eight o'clock this morning a wall of St. Xavier Church, on Sycamore Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, now being demolished, suddenly fell, crushing beneath its weight a large number of the laborers, and killing many outright. The disaster occurred on the west side of Sycamore, north of Sixth. The St. Xavier Church was the oldest Roman Catholic Church in the city. It was originally a frame building, located some distance from the street. A brick addition was built in front of the old frame, and in the course of time the original building was demolished, and its place supplied by a brick addition to the newer part. The whole is now being torn down to give place to an entire new Church. The Church formerly belonged to and was the res-



FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT THE ST. XAVIER CHURCH AT CINCINNATI, MARCH 1, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. FRASER.]

idence of Bishop Purcell, but he disposed of it a number of years ago to the Jesuits, whose property, with the College adjoining it, it now is. The congregation is almost exclusively Irish, and partakes largely of the laboring classes resident in the Thirteenth Ward.

"The society determined not to give out the demolition of the old building by contract, the object being to give employment, as far as possible, to members of the congregation. Mr. Peter Ryan, a very worthy man, was engaged to superintend the work, and had charge of all the men employed. The demand for work was very great, so much so as to prove a great annoyance to Mr. Ryan. All who had subscribed to the new Church contended they must be employed.

"The roof was stripped from the building last week, and this week the laborers were engaged destroying the walls. The very dangerous plan was adopted of undermining a portion of the wall at the time, and letting it fall into the interior. The front portion of the north wall was thus safely thrown down yesterday, sixty-two men then being in the employ of Mr. Ryan. This morning it was deemed prudent to reduce the force, and the number of laborers was reduced to thirty-five.

"Those who were retained were, of course, much rejoiced at the fact, and went to work with unusual energy.

"Mr. Ryan ordered fifteen men to the rear portion of the north wall, for the purpose of undermining and throwing it down. The balance of the force was disposed of in other parts of the building, some being at work on the top of the south wall. The fifteen went to work with their picks just above the foundation, digging out the lower inside row of bricks. The wall was about twenty feet high, a foot in thickness, and thirty feet wide. It seems that the rain of yesterday had affected the foundation somewhat, and as soon as it was loosened a little the wall gave way, and suddenly and unexpectedly fell in.

"The workmen engaged at it dropped their tools immediately, and endeavored to escape. Only one, named Marmon, succeeded. He had been working on the outside, and had just passed to the interior, through an aperture in the basement wall, when he heard the wall cracking. He looked up and saw it falling toward him. In a moment he darted through the aperture, and barely escaped being crushed to death.

"His fellow-workmen were not so fortunate. Nine of them ran westwardly, hoping to escape the falling mass. The wall caught them, however, and they were crushed down all in a heap. The rest ran southwardly, but met the same fate.

"It was some minutes before the dust cleared away sufficiently to enable the surviving workmen, and those attracted by the crash, to remove the ruins in search of the victims. Mr. Ryan, the Superintendent, was in the street at the time of the accident, and as soon as he could he got his men at work at the ruins.

"While the search was being prosecuted women ran through the crowd, screaming and inquiring for their husbands. As each body was taken out some one was there to recognize it. Wives threw themselves, screaming, upon the mangled and bloody forms of husbands, who an hour before had left them in the bloom of health. And in their frenzy they would embrace and kiss the crushed heads of those so dear to them. The peculiar wailing of these Irish women was terribly sorrowful. And then came children, presenting the most touching scene of all. A little boy, going to school, heard of the accident.

"Not knowing that his father was at work there, he came over to gratify his curiosity. While standing near, looking on, he saw the body of his father taken from the ruins, and instantly recognizing it, threw away his books, and, with a shriek, threw himself upon the mangled remains. The scene caused a cessation in the labor of recovery, for there were few who witnessed it that did not have to wipe away the tears of sympathy that flowed for that agonized youthful heart.

"At another place, a girl ten or twelve years old sat beside the form of her father, screaming and moaning terrifically. She would lavish kisses upon the cold hand that had been her protector, but can be so no longer.

"Below is a list of the killed and injured. It is correct and full, with the exception of the names of two, taken off at an early hour by relatives:

"Stephen Glashlin—fatally injured. He has a family.

"Martin Maughen—dead. He resided on Sixth Street, near Calvert, and leaves a large family.

"John Manly—dead. When taken out of the ruins his pulse was beating, but it soon ceased. He also leaves a family. He lived in the Sixth Ward.

"Timothy Sullivan—dead. He was an elderly man, having children married. He leaves a wife and several small children. He lived in the neighborhood of the church.

"Timothy Shay—dead. He leaves a wife and a small family of children. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward.

"Patrick Galligher—dead. He lived in the Sixth Ward, and was a man of family.

"James Kierney—dead. He was a single man, recently from Brown county. He came to the city to pursue studies, and had taken a situation as laborer there to aid him in that purpose.

"John Russell—dead. He lived in the Thirteenth Ward, and leaves a wife and two children.

"Daniel Brady—dead. He resided on Sixth Street Hill, and leaves a family.

"Thomas Shiras—dead. Leaves a family; resided on Sixth Street Hill.

"John Duffy—dead. He leaves a family, who, up to eleven o'clock, had not heard of his death. He resided somewhere on Second Street.

"Richard Fitzgerald—dead. He was a widower, and leaves three small children to mourn his loss.

"These make eleven dead, and one fatally injured, which, with the two carried away by relatives, and the one who had such a narrow escape, accounts for the fifteen that were engaged about the wall. The deaths by the calamity number fourteen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 17, 1860.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE time for the assembling of the national conventions is fast approaching, and, as usual, the friends of the various possible candidates for the Presidency are busily engaged in presenting them in the most favorable light before the public eye. The leading daily papers are full of biographical sketches and personal appeals. If the nominating conventions make a bad choice, it will not be for want of information.

On the Democratic side the leading candidate for the nomination is Senator Douglas, of Illinois. We have published two portraits of Senator Douglas,* and have given a very full account of his life and public services; it will suffice here to say that he is the first choice of the entire Northern democracy, but is opposed by those Southern Democrats who claim that the Constitution carries slavery with it, and that no Territory can make a law to exclude the institution. In Louisiana, Georgia, and some other Southern States, however, there is a Douglas party of some strength.

Next to Senator Douglas, on the Democratic side, come President Buchanan, Vice-President Breckinridge, Senator Lane, Senator Hunter, Senator Davis, ex-President Pierce, Mr. Guthrie, and a number of others. Of these ex-President Pierce may be ruled out without difficulty. Mr. Buchanan is, for obvious reasons, not very likely to receive, nor likely to accept, the nomination. Senator Davis, as a representative of the fire-eating section of the South, though a man of marked ability (we published his portrait and biography in No. 54), may perhaps be ruled out on the ground that his views would not be palatable at the North. Senator Hunter (whose portrait we published last week) is a very able man, and has been for many years Chairman of the most important Committee in the Senate; the recent proceedings of Governor Wise in reference to the John Brown affair appear to have strengthened Mr. Hunter very considerably in Virginia. Still he is not a man about whom any enthusiasm would be excited; and though in ordinary times he would be an unexceptionable candidate, and, if elected, an excellent chief magistrate, it is possible that the Democracy may prefer a champion with more personal prestige. Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, has the merit of having discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in an admirable manner; he has proved himself a good man of business, a safe man, and one not obnoxious to violent animosity from any side. He has the advantage of coming from a border State, and one which, in the event of a judicious nomination by the Republicans, might possibly be a doubtful one. Between him and Mr. Breckinridge the contest may be close. The latter is a man of great ability. He comes of a famous and distinguished family. He is young, and might be presented before the public in what the old poets call the heroic type. He has no enemies. His Frankfort speech, which was intended for Southern consumption, is his only vulnerable point at the North. Last of all, is Senator Jo Lane, of Oregon. Senator Lane is an old soldier of the Mexican war—a man, it is said, of great decision of character; self-made and self-reliant; hailing from a Northern Free State, but owning to Southern principles; with a history full of attractive and exciting events. Senator Lane is understood to be the second choice of all the extreme Southern men; Mr. Jefferson Davis is said to be especially strong in his favor.

Passing to the candidates of the Republican party, Senator William H. Seward stands forth in prominent relief as the legitimate chief of the anti-slavery faction. He is the father of the Republican party; and if no considerations of policy or availability were permitted to interfere with the nomination, he would get it as a matter of course. It appears doubtful, however, whether he could carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois; and hence many ardent Republicans are looking elsewhere for a more available man.

The principal Republican organ in this city has nominated Mr. Edward Bates, of Missouri, a Fillmore Whig, whose recent convictions are said to lean to the Republican side. Mr. Bates has never published any statement of political belief which justifies these assertions on his behalf; he has always acted as an opponent of the Republicans. Still, Mr. Greeley and others believe in him; and his claims—which rest chiefly on the prospect of his uniting the various elements of the Opposition to the Democracy—will be warmly urged at Chicago. Mr. Chase, the newly-elected Senator from Ohio, has many friends. Mr. Chase is a man of great courage, learning, and eloquence; his nomination would be popular in the Northwest. He is a thorough, out-and-out Republican, and could hardly expect to conciliate doubtful constituencies. Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, will have friends at Chicago. He is an eminently available man; self-made, and, like many self-made men, a perfect mine of learning; the best Speaker the House of Representatives ever had; a firm Democrat, so far as commercial matters are concerned; not a violent Republican, but rather conservative in his views, with, of course, Republican opinions on the subject of slavery in the Territories. Still, Mr. Banks is young, and can wait; his State is sure, whoever is nominated; and it is not clear that he could influence any of the doubtful States, on whose vote the election will turn. Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has been put forward prominently by his State. He could probably carry it—uniting the Whig and Republican vote. Outside of his State, however, his strength is unknown; and never having done any thing to attract general notice, it seems doubtful whether his nomination would help his party in Indiana, Illinois, or the border States of the South. So with Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, who has his partisans; he might do well in the Far West, but in Pennsylvania and New Jersey his name would add no strength to the ticket.

These are the leading candidates at the present time. By the time the conventions meet there may be new men on the tapis; and we shall give them all a hearing.

PROGRESS OF JOURNALISM.

A NEW daily newspaper is announced on the basis of not giving the news. We are assured that it will be a perfectly safe and reliable paper, enjoying intimate connections with persons of the highest respectability; but the chief claim which it makes to public favor rests, as we said, on its promise not to give any news which shall conflict with the views of its founders. It is intended for the perusal of a choice and select circle, who may rely on never finding any thing in its columns that shall irritate or annoy them. The world may wag as it pleases; vice may exist, and may escape or be punished; heterodox opinions may be ventilated in vulgar journals, and may prevail or be crushed out; but the new daily paper will take no cognizance of any thing but the progress and development of its own especial doctrines.

This is no new experiment. In the days of Mr. Monroe, of happy memory, likewise of General Jackson, there were journals published on precisely the basis on which the new daily proposes to plant itself. Those journals were called political party organs. They were published for the edification, instruction, and fortification of the faithful; and were cautious never to admit to their columns a single word that might tell against the party of which they were champions. Unhappily, a day came when reckless and unprincipled fellows began to publish real newspapers, which gave *the news* without regard to party, sect, opinion, prejudice, or bias; and the pig-headed public subscribed to these independent sheets, and left the old party organs to die out. We trust this may not prove the fate of the new daily.

There are, it is true, rather more daily journals in New York, with 800,000 inhabitants, than there are in London, with 2,500,000; but what matters that? Are we not a great people, and desperate readers? And, after all, in view of the talent and experience and energy and skill and outlay which are devoted by the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, and other papers to the collection of news, who can say that a paper which openly announces its intention of avoiding the beaten path, saving all this outlay, and dispensing with all this energy and experience, shall not succeed as a novelty? So many daily papers have tried to command success by the old methods and have failed, that it is really an open question whether the founders of the new paper are not displaying their wisdom by announcing their intention of not giving the news. True, it will cost the owners about three hundred thousand dollars all told to get a foot-hold; but what are three hundred thousand dollars in view of a safe paper? After six or eight years of consecutive losses the new paper may, perhaps, sustain itself; there may then be a race of men who want a paper without the news; and then the new daily will flourish.

We shall rejoice to see the experiment tried. A neighbor—Mr. Everett Smith—has started an excellent paper, the *Spirit of the Press*, on the plan of the Paris *Galignani*, and many friends think he has rather a better prospect of success than the new daily. He not only gives all the news, but comments from all the leading papers besides. Still, we should like to see the new daily started. The distribution of capital is one of the best signs of civilization; and the expenditure of two or three hundred thousand dollars in an attempt to publish a daily paper without the news will be an auspicious event.

THE LOUNGER.

AUTHORS UPON AUTHORS.

WHAT are authors to do about speaking of each other in print? In these days when the most famous authors are also editors, the occasion must often arise for them to speak of the works of others, and shall they leave the matter to lesser critics, or keep silent, or say what they do not think, or what they do?

Lamartine has lately answered the question for himself, by a notice of Thiers' Consulate and Empire, in which, according to the report, he speaks "of all the vulgarity of Thiers' style and taste, his superficiality, and his love of gaudiness and noise." Lamartine is clearly of opinion that an author, as critic of another, ought to say what he thinks. The interesting question, of course, is how would such free and easy, however honest, public speaking, affect the private intercourse of the reviewer and reviewed?

Suppose upon the day on which this little expression of opinion appeared Lamartine and Thiers had been asked to the same dinner, would they have met cordially? If they had parted the night before warm friends, would there be any perceptible coolness in their greeting? Why should there be? Is it in literature as in sporting circles, Love me, love my dog? Must Lamartine like Thiers' books because he loves Thiers? Must he also swear that Thiers is a man of perfect taste, that he knows all about pictures, and statues, and wines? Does friendship require that he should pledge his honor that Thiers is six feet four inches high, that he knows more than any body that ever lived, and that he is as good as he is great, and weighs just the pounds of the Apollo Belvedere?

Why not? Do you say that friendship does not require him to say these things because they are palpably untrue? But that is no answer, because an untruth is an untruth whether palpable or not. Every body can see that if Lamartine declares Thiers to be seven feet high that he is saying what is not true. But Lamartine knows, if he says Thiers has not a vulgar taste, when he thinks he has, that he is telling just as great an untruth, although nobody can know it but himself. Apparently, friendship no more requires a man to tell one kind of untruth than another. Friendship, indeed, may blind him. It often does. It is notorious that Jones positively believes Jenkins to be a great epic poet simply because Jenkins writes rhymes and Jones loves him.

Then, also, friendship may hold a man's tongue. It generally does. Brown knows perfectly well that Black's huge picture is a huge daub, but in his notices of the Exhibition he says nothing about it. And if Black has not tact enough not to ask him why, Brown will tell Black what he thinks of the picture, but he will not tell the public.

So it is tolerably clear that Lamartine is not a very warm personal friend of Thiers. For he would either not speak of the work, or he would speak of it because he liked it altogether, or in speaking of it he would censure as delicately as he could; while he praised, for the same reason, with the greatest warmth. Friendship is founded, not upon what we do, but upon what we are.

CARELESSNESS AND CRIME.

THE verdict in the Pemberton Mill case suggests the inquiry, When does carelessness become crime, and therefore amenable to law?

If a man fire a gun from a window into a crowd and kills some one, it seems to be clear enough that he ought not to escape punishment upon the plea that he meant no harm; for common sense instantly replies, "If what you say be true you are a lunatic, and must be treated accordingly. But if you have your wits, you know it is impossible to fire a gun into a crowd without injury to some one. The intention of injury, or insanity, must therefore be assumed, and you must suffer accordingly."

The verdict in the Lawrence case declares that the building fell from the insufficiency of the iron pillars, and that Mr. Bigelow ought to have tested them so thoroughly as to have known that they were defective. The responsibility, therefore, falls upon him. And yet it may be a case of ignorance as well as of carelessness. That, indeed, only removes the question one step further; for if a man who is ignorant of the matter undertakes to erect a house which falls in consequence of that ignorance, and buries the inmates, his very ignorance becomes criminal, does it not? Suppose a person is taken ill, and another says that he knows all about it, and gives poisons—through sheer ignorance—which prove fatal, ought he to suffer only public contempt?

Probably yes. For it is not a case in which malice can be presumed. Neither can you presume it in the Pemberton Mill case. But a certain punishment will follow. Besides the difficulty of farther employment in his profession, such an unfortunate is necessarily always accompanied by the terrible consciousness of a tragedy to which he need not have been accessory.

But because the building that fell chanced to be a mill it is simply absurd to speak of the catastrophe as if it were a sin of capital against labor. Not to say that capital is too wise to desire or to connive at a total loss of property, it is enough to observe that the buildings which generally fall are not mills nor other structures full of people, but stores and warehouses. The defect is not so much—so far as proved—in the moral sense of capital as in the ignorance or carelessness of mechanics. If bloated capital insists upon having the milk watered, and the sugar sanded, and the house insecurely built, it would be powerless unless labor helped it and fulfilled its designs. Every workman knows whether he is doing honest work; and if he is not, he can not shuffle off the responsibility upon the boss or the proprietor. If he and all the rest refused to do the dishonest work it could not be done. If it be done, he and all the rest at least share the guilt with the proprietor.

If therefore the Pemberton Mill was insecurely built, it is the fault of all who helped build it, unless they were inexperienced or ignorant. Every bricklayer, for instance, of intelligence and experience, knows about how thick the wall of a cotton-mill should be. If he quietly helps erect a wall only half thick enough, he knows that he is imperiling the safety of all who are to work in the mill. The contractor is, of course, officially responsible. But each individual workman is equally so. It certainly would be very unfair to hang Mr. Bigelow or Mr. Fuller because the Pemberton Mill fell. But it is not likely that any one will ever again employ the one to cast columns or the other to erect mills.

THE INQUISITION.

THE difference between what people really are, and what they are supposed and represented to be, is an edifying study. And so with opinions. The story of the five hundred cats is still a good satiric commentary upon life. How furiously we write, and talk, and preach about matters of which we know nothing except by rumor and the report of those who are quite as likely to be wrong as right in their comprehension of the point. There are whole classes of people traditionally denounced. Every member of a party, or race, or sect, or class is held responsible for all the sins of all the other members. One would think there were an absolute free-masonry in opinion—whereas the truth is that no two people in the world either think precisely alike, or express their faith by exactly the same formula.

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* See Nos. 52 and 106.

Thus it does not follow that we ought to suppose a man to be a bad and immoral man because his political philosophy seems to us false and dangerous. Probably ours seems equally so to him. We think his views, if carried out into practice, would produce anarchy; so we call him incendiary, rabid, dangerous—we cut him in the street, and thank God we are not as other men are. Now the ludicrous point is, that he does precisely the same thing to us. He thinks our views are dangerous and false, and destructive to society if carried out. He denounces us as incendiary and blind, and cuts us, and won't have us to dinner.

What, then, becomes of society if honest difference of opinion is to suffer the penalty of immoral and injurious conduct? For suppose that there be an absolutely true political philosophy—an absolutely correct view of any institution or form, is yours or mine the true philosophy, the correct view? You believe with all your heart in yours. Yes: so do I in mine. Now is there any common standard by which the question between us may be tried and determined? Suppose there be such a standard, shall I take your interpretation of it, or will you take mine? And if you decline to take mine, and hold by your own, shall I call you bad names, and warn the world against you? And shall you do the same toward me?

The case is clear enough. In the first place, don't suppose that you know what a man thinks, or even says, until you have heard him, or read his authorized statement. And, secondly, so long as you have no reason to suppose him to be dishonest, remember that he is not a worse man than you merely because he holds a different view of any subject of thought whatsoever. If we are to suppose that men are bad men because they do not agree with us, we found our philosophy of life upon the Inquisition. In fact, any man, any where, who endeavors to fix a stigma upon somebody else for a difference of belief, however dangerous he may consider that belief to be, is a little Torquemada. He is a Grand Inquisitor to the extent which public opinion, not his own private hatred, allows. If he can excite others, either as a mob or a committee, to injure the person or seal the mouth of the offender, he helps truth and honors God just as much as the Spanish Inquisition did, and no more. Of course, under the domination of such a spirit all truth is obscured, all inquiry is paralyzed, and the progress of individual liberty stops.

To the question whether, if a majority honestly consider a certain opinion radically wrong, and its consequences socially dangerous, they may not justly restrain its expression, the answer is instant—No: because they can not be sure that their opinion is right. They are no more sure of it than the recusant of his. And, if it were possible to conceive that they had this absolute certainty, then, instead of repressing discussion, they would earnestly invite it that the doubters might be converted by seeing all error overthrown. In any debate the moment you try to gag an opponent every spectator is at once convinced that you are afraid that if he spoke he would have the better of the argument. Their minds, therefore, remain undecided until he does speak, and all their sympathies are enlisted for him.

It is in this sense that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Persecution is a subsoil plow. It prepares the mental soil to welcome the tenderest rootlet and to fructify the smallest seed of the truth. And it is as true of every department of thought as it is of religious discussion. Kill a man for *saying* any thing whatsoever, or for holding any opinion, and every drop of his blood springs up a harvest of supporters. Let a man talk, and if his views are only wind they will blow themselves away. If they are more than wind, the world has a right to them—the world wants them, and if you try to stop his mouth—why you only invite him, when the world has come over to his side, to stop yours.

For not only is the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, but whoever takes the sword takes also the risk of perishing by it.

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

UNDER the spreading Linden tree
  We sat in the twilight still,
While the dim brown shadows glided on
  Stealthily up the hill.
Oh, grand was the stately hall that rose
  In its turreted pride near by;
And the master there—I envied him not,
  For a happier man was I.
Ah! happy, I trow, was I, as I sat
  Under the Linden tree;
For a golden head lay close to my heart
  As I told my love to thee.

Under the Linden tree I sit
  To-night in the darkness still,
And the dim brown shadows have glided on
  Silently up the hill.
Oh, grand does the stately mansion stand,
  In its turreted pride near by;
And the master there—oh, I envy him not,
  Though a sorrowful man am I;
For his gold has stolen the fickle heart
  That plighted its faith to me,
And alone with a memory sad I sit,
  Under the Linden tree.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS.

IN reading the exquisitely tender, subtle, sympathetic, and profoundly appreciative sketch of Edgar Poe, which has been just issued under this title, it is impossible not to remember the brave woman's arm thrust through the slide to serve as a bolt against the enemy. The praise and the blame which have been cast upon the life and genius of Poe have been almost fierce and frantic. By how many is he not still regarded as a heartless, unprincipled, shiftless vagabond? By how many is he not secretly worshiped and openly extolled as our only great, original poet? And this, at least, is true, that he has exercised more direct influence upon the form of our poetry than any of his contemporaries.

The author of this little book (it has only eighty pages), with an inexpressible grace, reserve, and tender, heroic charity—having a right which no other person has to speak, tells, in a simple, transparent, and quiet strain, what she thinks of his career and genius. She omits nothing; she forces nothing. It is no spotless Prince of fairy she delineates; but a fellow-man of ours, greatly gifted, suffering deeply, often from his own faults—stumbling in the dark ways where we all stumble, but still looking for light—not a model man, by any means, but not the fiend and inhuman being he has been so often represented. [illegible] the delicate reticence of the book—in its tone of inward music, as if the singer were humming a melody beneath the song she sings—there is a pensive and peculiar charm. But it is not a eulogy. It is a criticism which is profound by the force of sympathy, and vigorous by its clear comprehension. Thus, we shall hardly have a finer statement of Poe's intellectual condition than this:

> "Wanting in that supreme central force or faculty of the mind whose function is a God-conscious and God-adoring faith, Edgar Poe sought earnestly and conscientiously for such solution of the great problems of thought as were alone attainable to an intellect hurled from its balance by the abnormal preponderance of the analytical and imaginative faculties. It was to this very disproportion that we are indebted for some of those marvelous intellectual creations which, as we shall hope to prove, had an important significance, and an especial adaptation to the time."

It was Poe's mistake and misfortune to wage war upon his fellow-authors. In a series of papers upon the "Literati" he seems like a frenzied East Indian running a muck, with his swift, sharp, glittering crease in hand. But those of us who belong to an epoch just after his—who were not gashed or scored in his wild revels—who have no personal prejudices to appease, and only that charity in our hearts which combined genius and weakness and error must always command—we of the last decade must needs turn these pages with a singular interest and sadness; not without a secret prayer, perhaps, that when our little tasks are ended, and the stains we have left upon so many pages of our books, and our lives are pointed out to public contumely, some hand as firm and gentle as this may pull away the briers to plant rosemary where we lie.

NAHLOTYPES.

AN "Engraver on Wood," D. V. V., writes to the Lounger from San Francisco, sending some specimens of work similar to Mr. Ehninger's "photographic etchings," which were executed two or three years since, in pursuance of a system invented by Mr. Arthur Nahl. The result is very delicate, and pretty, and forcible; precisely how it differs from other processes the Lounger is unable to say. His correspondent writes:

> "If you will take the trouble, with a strong magnifier, to carefully examine the work on the specimens I send you, you will see that there could be no improvement as regards susceptibility of working out; for the ground is so exceedingly fine, perfectly opaque, and adheres to the glass so firmly, that the finest cross-hatching can be made, and still print perfectly clear. Another advantage of their present ground is that it is white, so that the artist can see the effect of the drawing as he progresses. As before stated, it can be put into the ruling-machine and tinted as any steel or copper plate. There is no cracking, nor peeling up of the ground, so that finer work can be executed on it than you generally see in the finest steel engravings."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—C. H. M. Your letter has been shown to the author of whom you speak. He exhibited all the celebrated modesty of authors under such circumstances. He said that he was "sure you were very kind;" and he was "glad if any of my poor," etc. Altogether he thanks you (he desires the Lounger to say) for your sympathy, and hopes (with all the celebrated modesty of authors) that he may some day be considered worthy to appear in the place and under the circumstances you suggest.

—PUTNAM claims that the postmaster ought to be as much favored by the "terms" of a magazine or newspaper as a clergyman or schoolmaster, saying that the postmaster "makes" the magazine. The reasons of this preference are plain enough. Clergymen and schoolmasters are both accepted literary judges in their communities: then they each command a large direct influence upon the reading neighbors: and, third, they are both usually underpaid. If now Putnam can establish that postmasters are, as a class, accepted literary judges, or exercise a literary influence, or are *underpaid* (!), we can continue the argument.

—AN OCTOGENARIAN asks whether the artist, in his illustrations of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," has not given the coats of the year 1775 to the year 1785. But our friend will remember that the story extends over several years at that period, and it would be very difficult—would it not?—to indicate the yearly changes of a fashion. The costumes of the period were carefully studied, and, according to the authorities, they are correct. The Lounger would gladly hear again from Octogenarian.

—C. K. The case of Eugene Aram *was* a real incident, and was not invented either by Bulwer or Hood. He was born in 1704, and in August, 1759, after a trial at York, he was proved guilty of the murder of a shoemaker named Clark, at Knaresborough, and was hung three days after the trial. He was a scholar of unusual accomplishments, and was engaged in preparing a comparative lexicon of the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Celtic languages when he was arrested on the charge of murder. Passages from the preface of this lexicon are said to be still extant. He defended himself at his trial with great ingenuity, and after his condemnation confessed his guilt, but declared that he was instigated by jealousy of Clark, whom he suspected to have made love to his wife. The night before his execution he tried to commit suicide, but he was discovered and the deed prevented. Eugene Aram left a wife and six children. Both Bulwer and Hood have invested his fate with a romantic interest. Walter Scott, to whom it was dedicated in December, 1831, praised Bulwer's novel highly; and Hood's ballad is permanent in English literature.

—J. W. D. The ode on the death of Washington Irving is declined, with thanks.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old Frenchman in our town has carried on the confectionery business for half a century. Before it became so convenient to lay in his stock at New York he used to make annual trips to Paris for that purpose. On his return from one of these trips he was welcomed in the street by a friend, whom he invited to visit his "Magazin," to look at his importations. The invitation was accepted; and after admiring the wonderful productions of French genius exhibited on the first floor, he was taken up into the second, where he also beheld large supplies of *bonbonnerie*, etc. When about to retire his eye caught sight of a curtain, which concealed or protected some object. His curiosity being excited, he asked what it hid. Monsieur's excitement, which had been great all along, was now wonderfully increased. "You have not seen dat? Well, I will show you." Taking his station on one side, he gathered up the folds of the curtain, pulled it aside, and stood looking at his friend with an air of the greatest satisfaction. Within a niche, properly festooned in black, stood a monument of handsome proportions and elegant elaboration. This strange revelation rather startled his friend, who was at a loss to understand its meaning.

"This is very beautiful," he said. "May I ask what it is intended for?"

"That, Sare, is my own com-po-si-ti-on; that, Sare, was made for me by one of the first artist of Paris under my own super-vi-si-on; that, Sare, is a monument I have erect to the memory of my dear departed Madame P., and eve-ry beet suga candy."

◆

George ——, a graduate of one of our Northern universities, was a student at law in his native village. His father was rich, and could buy him any thing. His fellow-students, discovering no talent in his head, shook his napkin and found only a sameness there. All were reading Blackstone, and every day, for nearly a week, the boys put George's mark back to where it was the day before. Tired of this, as he did not seem to mind it, they asked him how he liked Blackstone. "Oh, pretty well," said he, "only there is a little too much sameness."

THE SYMPATHIZING WOMAN.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs we should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she had not suffered. She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart.

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road toward his house, he knew, in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her; so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully!" groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years to come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner," said the sympathizing woman, "when I thought I should have gone distracted with the toothache."

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued.

"I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ankle."

"Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner. I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs; but the fact is"—here Bob groaned—"I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected—that in short, I'm a little crazy!"

Bob took breath, and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh! Mr. Turner, is it possible?" exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible! I know it is. I frequently have spoke of being out of my mind myself!"

Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she wanted to take a hurried leave.

◆

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a notice to work a road:

"MR. DR. F—— *"November 24th 1859*

"you are hereby notified to work on the Monday and Tesday, the 28 & 29 next you are three days behind commencing at the one hundred and two bridge with an axe.

"—— —— *Road overseer."*

◆

Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was lost on earth went to the moon, asserted that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.

◆

Time weighs wearily upon some men's minds. But most of the expedients for shortening a man's day shorten his days.

◆

A man said to another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

◆

A "Bridget" who, as usual, entertains an exalted opinion of the good things of the old country, was asked by her mistress if they had any pies where she formerly lived in Ireland. "Yes, and sure they do." "What kind of pies?" "Magpies, mum."

◆

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Seas is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

◆

It is a legal maxim that "the law does not concern itself about small matters;" but lawyers and law-makers often do.

◆

A young gentleman of our acquaintance says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*-ing by half."

◆

A rascally old bachelor says a man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she was "only mistaken."

◆

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out overnight, so determined is he that every thing shall have *its dew*.

◆

A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings that, whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

◆

Of all "suits that are down for hearing," we should say that the love-suit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears was about as difficult as any to win.

◆

A young lady, a few evenings since, said to her cavalier, "Please clasp my cloak!" "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents too."

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

Maid, choosing man, remember this:
  You take his nature with his name.
Ask, too, what his religion is,
  For you will soon be of the same.

A GREAT MAN'S PATRONAGE.—The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money—would to Heaven that the want were confined to the Prince of Conti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to him one morning and said:—

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn."

"Give them hay and corn, then," said the Prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn-chandlers refuse to supply me any more until their accounts are discharged."

"Ah! that alters the matter," quoth the Prince, very gravely.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have! call my steward."

The steward appears.

"So the corn-chandler and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals, do they?" said the Prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Humph! who does give credit?"

"No one, your highness."

"No one?"

"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastry-cook does."

"Honest fellow, we must encourage him," cried the Prince. "Coachman, your affair is settled; *give the horses cheese-cakes and custards.*"

◆

A beggar boy made an application to a farmer's wife in Scotland for relief, and was refused on the ground that she "had no copper;" to which the little urchin very accommodatingly replied, "I take siller, mem."

◆

An old bachelor who had procured a marriage license for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus: "Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it!"

◆

MORAL SUASION ON A RAM.—When a friend of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire County, the owner of which was troubled by dog Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, knowing, perhaps, that he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment, and he could devise no means to prevent it. "I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave." "Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words. "There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep-stealing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid by his exploit; his insolence became intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went nigh him. 'I'll fix him,' said I; and so I did. I rigged an iron crow-bar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell, when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how, then, should a ram? Aries made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."

THE MAIDEN'S TEARS.

"Say, maiden fair, why dost thou weep?
Some secret sorrow, hidden deep
  Within thy heart, is bringing
Into thine eyes those pearly tears;
Sweet memories of by-gone years,
  Thus fountain-like up-springing,
Of unrequited love, a dream
Wakes from its hidden source the stream
  That down thy cheeks is stealing?"
"Nay, 'tis not love." "What then? Oh, say!"
"Well, then, we dine on goose to-day;
  The onions I've been peeling!"

◆

WRESTLING WITH AN ELEPHANT.—A rather curious scene has occurred in Blackburn during a performance in a menagerie. A young man, who had for some time been carefully observing the monster elephant, determined, like a fighting gladiator of old, to try the strength of the huge bulk of flesh with his own. There is at the end of the elephant's tusks, which are of large size, an iron rod, binding one tusk to the other. Our hero seized hold of this, and began to lean with his whole weight upon it. The elephant, not altogether liking this sort of treatment, determined for his part to punish his audacious antagonist. He raised his great head aloft, and the young fellow was swung from the ground until he almost touched the canvas covering, and was no doubt much higher than his most wild ambition ever carried him. The animal repeated this, and a second time he descended to the ground, when the elephant, perhaps thinking it best to temper justice with mercy, wrapped his trunk round the hapless and now thoroughly humbled youth and very unceremoniously laid him in the mud that overspread the floor. The wrestle was ended, the elephant coming off the victor, while his combatant picked himself up, and, amidst the hearty laughter of the spectators, vanished.

◆

The doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" being largely misunderstood, a Western Democratic orator undertook to define it in a recent speech, which he did so clearly and ably that the people determined to send him to Congress to maintain the principle there in the eyes of the nation. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, what is Popular Sovereignty? I know what it is, and I will tell you what it is, fellow-citizens. Popular Sovereignty is the great principle of freedom, Mr. Chairman. It gives you, Mr. Chairman, the right to regulate your own domestic matters in your own domestic way, according to your domestic institution. You can have your chickens fried, Mr. Chairman, or you can have them broiled, and Congress has no right to interfere. You can have beef-steak for breakfast, Mr. Chairman, if you wish; you can have your coffee as you like it, according to your own domestic institution, subject only to the Constitution of the United States, and Congress can not interfere with your domestic institutions. That is Popular Sovereignty, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens!" [Tremendous applause.]

◆

Judge Barber, of Indiana, was one of the men who never let an opportunity slip of acquiring useful information. He could never be satisfied with general statements, although it was noticed by his acquaintances that his fund of useful information had not, during a somewhat long life, remarkably increased.

At one time the Indian, George Copley, was lecturing, in his place of residence, upon the "Habits and Character of the Aborigines," and the Judge, of course, was present, listening with marked attention for such "facts" as might be gleaned. When the speaker had closed, he arose, and said,

"I wish to ask the gentleman one question. Which do you consider the most savage—the *hos*tile Indians, or those that *go afoot?*"

The Judge had associated *horses*, or *hosses* as he called them, with the word *hos*tile, and easily made the blunder.

Old General Johnson had another association. He was showing his garden to Colonel Scott, who remarked,

"Why, General, you must be fond of horticulture."

"Oh! yes," he replied, "I was always great for horses."

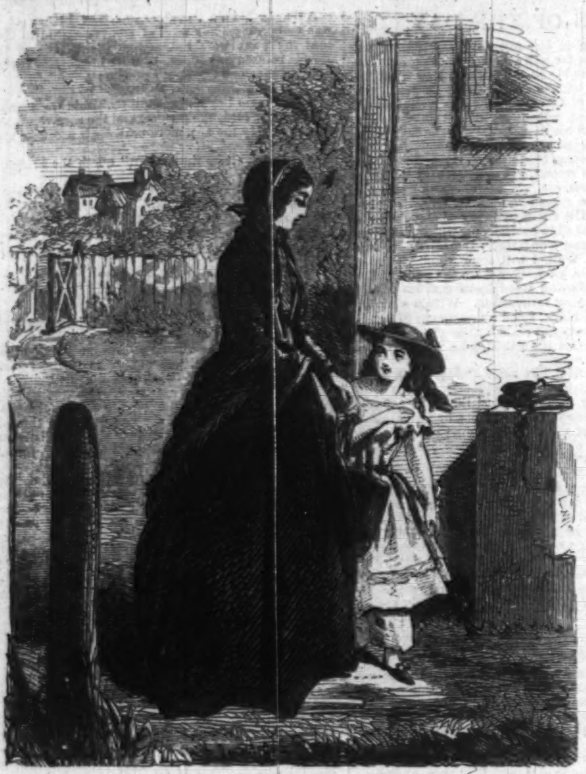
◆

At the March Term, 1859, of the Montgomery Circuit Court, Indiana, just closed, a prisoner by the name of Keeney was tried upon a charge of an assault and battery, with intent to commit murder. He was a butcher by profession, and had always been fully alive to the importance of procuring patrons and customers. The jury, after a short retirement, returned into court a verdict of "Not Guilty." Keeney looked around as if something was expected of him, and rising up, he turned to the jury, bowed to them with a grateful air, and remarked,

"Gentlemen of the jury, I am much obliged to you for your very liberal patronage."

◆

What kind of fruit is never sold single?—The pear.



THE LADY IN BLACK.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISTRESS OF The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART III.—*Concluded.*

I HAD been very ill; for weeks I was lying there in almost total unconsciousness; but at length I awoke.

"My husband?" were the first words framed by my parched lips.

"Hush! dear, he will come soon," whispered Arethusa, in the tone of one soothing a refractory child.

Something seemed to tell me that this was a subterfuge; and catching Arethusa's hand, as she leaned over me, with a grasp that frightened her, I exclaimed:

"Arethusa! where is my husband? Tell me *now!—instantly!*"

"He is gone," was the sad reply.

"Gone *where?*" said I, wildly. "Is it possible that he would desert me when I was so ill?"

No; he had watched tenderly beside me, half-distracted, it seemed, between his love and sorrow; but when I evinced signs of improvement he tore himself away to avoid a parting scene that would have been painful for both.

"But why must there have been a 'parting scene?'" I exclaimed; "and why am I here? Why am I not at the Parsonage?"

"There is another clergyman at the Parsonage now," said Arethusa, hesitatingly. "Arthur has gone to a missionary station at the Far West. 'Henceforth,' he said, 'his life should be devoted to his Master.'"

"How *dared* he go and leave *me*, his *wife?*" I exclaimed, in a tempest of anger. "What have *I* done that I should be treated thus?"

Arethusa gave me an inquiring look that I understood at once. Yes, I remembered it all now, and she had a right to my confidence.

"Arethusa," I exclaimed, with sudden earnestness, as I seized both her hands, "I do not know what Arthur has told you; but I can not blame him for his misconceptions; I have been placed in such unfortunate circumstances. I only wish to tell you the story as it really is, for I can not bear to lose your good opinion. You have been a kind sister to me, dear Arethusa, and although you know me to be very foolish and inexperienced, you believe in my truthfulness, do you not?"

Arethusa pressed my hand affectionately, and I could see that the tears in her eyes prevented her from speaking. I told her every thing that had occurred from the first arrival of the Otchesons, omitting nothing of my own weakness or Mr. Winneslie's trustfulness.

It was a long story, and at the close I sank back exhausted.

"You poor, dear baby!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Arethusa, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "you've been most outrageously treated; and I don't care if Arthur *is* my brother, he's not a bit too good to be eaten up by the Indians! I feel so angry at him! instead of waiting until you told him how things were, to go stalking off to that outlandish region! I'll sit right down and write him a letter, and tell him all about it."

"No," said I, restraining my sister-in-law's impetuous movement; "he didn't love me any longer, Arethusa, and I don't wish to call him back unwillingly. Wait, and perhaps he will begin to think that I am not quite so bad."

"You know, Fairy," said the kind-hearted creature, "how low-spirited he used to be; and when a child he was always queer; you can scarcely expect him to act like other people, and I think he'll get enough of the Indians before long. You just stay here and make yourself comfortable; this is your *home*, remember, for you always seemed to me just like a child."

I smiled faintly at my sister-in-law's idea of "making myself comfortable;" I had other plans in my busy head.

There was something hard under my pillow, and Arethusa drew forth my Bible and Prayer-book.

"Arthur put them here," said she, "as he bent down to kiss you for the last time."

He had kissed me, then; he did not quite hate me; and I bent down over my treasures to hide the tears.

How vividly the Prayer-book called up the day of my baptism! My husband had given it to me on that morning; and I gazed on the Maltese cross on the side, and the purple velvet cover stained with the drops of holy water that had fallen upon it, with sad feelings of reproach. How had I kept those vows? How had I withstood "the world, the flesh, and the devil?"

The Sacred Volume and its companion were seldom out of my hands during my convalescence; and I daily drank healing draughts from the pure fountain. After giving myself several severe lectures upon the impropriety of sinking into a state of dependence, and the healthfulness of action, I felt pretty well fortified; and proceeded forthwith to horrify Arethusa with my intention of going to the city.

"Don't say any thing to discourage me, dear sister," said I, seeing her about to speak; "I feel perfectly convinced that this is the *right* course for me to take; and I shall try to think more of that now than of any thing else. I shall return to the occupation from which your brother took me; I know that I can obtain a sufficient number of scholars to keep me from starving, and the discipline will do me good."

"But you look so pale yet," urged Arethusa.

"I have no doubt that I always shall look so," was my reply; "so *that* must not stop me."

"Well, remember, Fairy, that when you are weary with teaching you must take a run out here to get a mouthful of fresh air and some of my new cream. *Whatever* happens, you are my sister, and I shall always love you dearly."

Yes, I could rely upon Arethusa's affection, so that life was not *all* dreary.

The winter was setting in; the apples had all been gathered; various housekeeping arrangements accomplished; and I set off without delay.

I had several scholars to attend to, and I resolved to do my best. My pupils were from the humble ranks of life; and in many cases deplorably ignorant, not only of the rudiments of education, but of the first principles of religion. I had a two-fold task before me, but I endeavored to discharge it conscientiously; and conquering my natural timidity, I ventured to visit the parents.

Sometimes I was repelled, sometimes encouraged; and in many instances I had the delightful consciousness that I was doing some good. I had put on the robes of widowhood, for had I not lost my husband? And "the lady in black" was the name by which I was soon known in the humble streets through which I passed.

Thoughts of the past were with me—I could not shake them off; and often the recitations of my scholars sounded in my ears like the drowsy hum of the bee, and I was far away at Meadowbrook, sitting beneath the rose-vines, or wandering with Mr. Winneslie in the lanes around.

I permitted myself the extravagance of taking a church paper, because now and then, at rare intervals, the name of the Rev. Arthur Winneslie was mentioned in its columns; and sometimes a communication, written by himself, giving an account of the progress of the mission. How I devoured these brief accounts! They seemed like letters from my husband to me; and when I read of toils and hardships, just lightly glanced at, with his characteristic self-denial, I felt ready to fly to him at once and lighten his difficulties as I knew that I could. But ah! I remembered that I had not deserted *him*—he had deserted *me;* and I could not force my society upon him.

It was a pleasure to me to emulate, in some degree, his privations; and the missionary little thought from whence came the contributions of "Mizpah," which were always acknowledged in the paper. I loved that motto: "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other;" and I cheerfully ate my crust, without lamenting the flesh-pots that had been sacrificed in so good a cause.

I carefully avoided the street in which stood my grandmother's residence; our last meeting had not been productive of pleasure, and I shrank from Hester's cold, stony eyes, so utterly devoid of any thing like sympathy. Some time passed without our meeting, and I congratulated myself daily.

But one afternoon, just before the holidays, I returned from school more than usually depressed. My pupils had been fractious and the school-room cold; the streets through which I passed were filled with pedestrians, all happy and bustling; the shops were thronged with purchasers; and I drew my vail more closely about me, as the full sadness of the word "*alone*" seemed whispering to my heart.

Seated by my little stove I suffered the tears to course down my cheeks unchecked; for the season was one in which the light-hearted are gayer, and the sad-hearted more depressed. I tried to remember my duties, and I felt that I did not murmur—no, I deserved it all; I only wept uncomplainingly, for my lonely heart sent up such a strong cry for my husband—for the love that was mine in the past.

I was startled by the opening of the door; and I know not what sent a thrill of half-expectant joy through my frame—but, alas! the tearful eyes encountered a most unwelcome apparition. The spare, wiry figure of my Aunt Hester loomed up defiantly before me; for, relying upon the bare fact that doors were made to be opened, she made it a rule to omit the ceremony of knocking—her reply to any remonstrances being that "people should never do things at which they are ashamed to be caught."

As I was doing something at which I was very *much* ashamed to be caught I suffered accordingly.

"Well," said my relative, with a grim smile, as I sat looking at her in a kind of frightened surprise, "why don't you say that you're glad to see me? You *look* delighted!"

"Aunt Hester," I replied, controlling my tears as much as possible, "you are welcome to my hospitality, such as it is—and if there is any thing that I can do for you, I will do it willingly."

"Come, now," said my aunt, as she deliberately put aside a huge cotton umbrella, "I like that. 'If there is any thing that you can do for me'—perhaps, ma'am, you can present me with a fine place in the country! I shouldn't mind having one. But that isn't exactly what I came for," she continued, with a sort of malicious cheerfulness; "ill news always spreads; and I hear that you behaved so scandalously there at Meadowbrook that your husband had to leave you? I *thought* no good would come of all those fine feathers!"

I paused a moment to keep down my rebellious spirit; and the words, "The cup which my Father has given me shall I not drink it?" seemed to whisper encouragement, and I replied, quite calmly:

"Aunt Hester, I have no doubt that I have been very much misrepresented, and it is, perhaps, natural that you should believe what you have heard of me; but if you choose to listen to a long story, I will relate to you the *facts* of the case."

"Well," said Aunt Hester, incredulously, "let's hear what you've got to say for yourself."

It seemed to me a hopeless task to move the block of granite before me, but I began the recital as a matter of duty. My auditor manifested neither indignation nor sympathy; and when I had finished, she observed:

"And a pretty minister's wife you have made, to be sure, to say the least of it! I always thought those long curls streaking down your face looked shallow enough—I'm glad to see that you've turned 'em up at last! You always *were* such a fool, and so set up about that doll face of yours, that I s'pose those people thought you'd be a good subject. I hope it'll teach you a lesson!"

My aunt had bro't in her verdict, which seemed to run thus: "Innocent of the particular crime imputed, but guilty of every thing else."

"Why didn't you come to your relatives at once," she continued, "and tell *us* about this affair?"

"I thought," said I, "that when I was there last you acted as though you did not wish to see me."

"Yes!" replied my aunt, with much asperity, "and you didn't guess far wrong!—Your husband, who always seemed to me a very queer kind of a *minister*, had foolishly let you trick yourself out in all sorts of finery, and then it entered Madam's head that it would be a fine thing to go and show her pretty self and her pretty dress to her humdrum relatives, with whom she was glad enough to live until she picked up an old husband to indulge her in all her whims. You came to be *admired*, and I was determined not to admire you; but now that you've been humbled, if you choose to behave yourself properly, I shall consider it my duty to come and see how you're getting on. If you want a dinner, or a tea, or any thing, I s'pose you can have it where you've often had it before. Don't be so pressing, Teena, I can't stop all night."

The cotton umbrella and the stiff figure vanished together, and I sank down upon the bed and fainted from sheer wretchedness.

Years, weary years, passed on, and my poor heart sent up the frequent cry: "How long, O Lord? forever?"

No communication passed between Arethusa and her brother; the distance was great, and the means of conveying letters uncertain; the few crumbs afforded by my church paper were all that I had to feed upon. Communications from others gave an account of the failing health of the missionary—toils and privations were doing their work; and my agony became almost insupportable at the idea that he would probably die without a reconciliation, with no loving hand to smooth his pillow.

He *must* forgive me—*must* know that I was innocent; and I sat down, in the excitement of the moment, and wrote a long letter. I told Mr. Winneslie of my perfect unconsciousness of any wrong—of the trust he himself had reposed in the man whose name I could not bear to write—of my wretchedness at the conviction that I was no longer loved—and of the scene in which I had acted so passive a part. I told him that we should probably never meet again in this world. I did not write this as an inducement to return to me; but before either of us passed into the presence of our Judge, I desired a full understanding and reconciliation.

I left the letter with Arethusa—she thought she might be able to send it—and with the consciousness that I had bent my stubborn spirit, and accomplished a painful duty, I returned to my daily tasks.

I am sitting here this damp autumn day, pouring out my sorrows to myself, and blotting what I write with my tears. Will my husband die? Shall I never behold his living face again?

I hear heavy footsteps approaching my room. Aunt Hester calls all shoes "paper-soled" that do not make noise enough for half a dozen men; and as it is about time to expect another infliction from her, I may as well nerve myself for the "tug of war." . . . .

I know not where to begin. My cup of joy is full to overflowing. My neglected manuscript was broken off abruptly, and for the sake of those whom it may teach in after-years, I must put the finishing touches.

Nearer sounded the ominous footsteps—fainter grew my heart with a dread of Aunt Hester—but the opening door disclosed a figure that darkened on my vision as I sank into the outstretched arms.

Words of tenderness wooed me back to life:

"Ernestine! my wife! my poor, injured wife! Only say that you forgive me!"

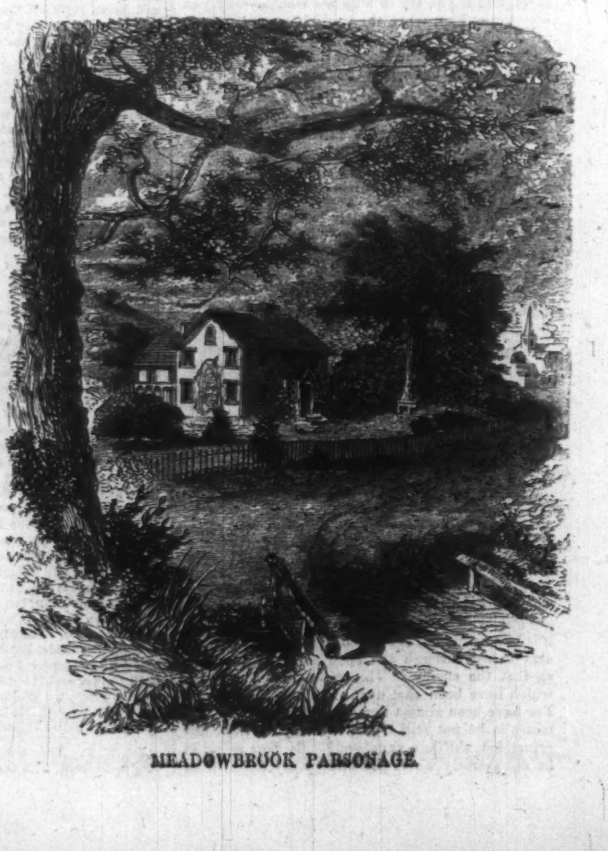
I clasped him closely—he had come *at last*—and now only death should separate us. He was changed—thinner and paler than of old, and his hair more thickly streaked with silver.

"These poor, pale cheeks," he murmured; "what has become of my Fairy's bloom?"

"Gone," I replied, "with my weakness and folly. I am strong, now, dear husband; suffering has purified me."

The tears were in his eyes, and I saw them although he turned aside. But a wild happiness had taken possession of me, and I sat there smiling in perfect contentment.

"Not one word of reproach?" asked Mr. Winneslie; "no questions as to how I came or what brought me?"



MEADOWBROOK PARSONAGE.

"You are here," I replied, "that is enough—I have been *so* lonely."

"Poor child!" said he, tenderly; "poor, suffering child! And I promised to cherish and protect her. But my mind was unsettled, Fairy—accustomed to look only on the dark side of things, I took the reality of my misery for granted, and the blow stunned me. I wished to shut myself out from the face of man—to bury myself in the wilderness; and fearing that your grief and loveliness might move me from my purpose, I stole away while you were unconscious, and left you to the care of Arethusa, who would, I knew, discharge her trust with affection and tenderness. There I expected you to remain; and when I felt that my health required relaxation, I resolved to go to my sister's and see you once more. But what was my astonishment to learn from Arethusa that you had left her house, as soon as you rose from your sick-bed, for a gloomy home in the city, gained by your daily toil? She handed me your letter; and my heart bled at the idea of your sufferings. I lost no time in seeking you—and I am here, a repentant, and, I hope, a *better* man, to ask you, my darling wife, if you *can* overlook the past and return to me? Shall we go together and work in the vineyard where I have spent these weary years away from you?"

"Whither thou goest, I will go!" were the words that came from my willing heart; and the estrangement of years was gone as if by magic. To the North pole, or the South pole, it was alike indifferent to me; for wherever I went I would not be *alone*.

* * *

My husband took me at once to Arethusa's, and we there talked over our plans for the future. My sister-in-law was decidedly opposed to our missionary project; we both needed nursing, she said, and were not fit to go off among savages, who, she appeared to think, were converted as much by bodily force as by Gospel preaching.

But Mr. Winneslie said that he knew of no other field of usefulness, and he could not be contented to stand in the market-place idle.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Arethusa, pointing energetically to me, as I happened to cross the room, "what kind of a figure is *that* for toil and hardships? Why, a good strong wind would take her off!"

My appearance *was* rather shadowy; and my husband's eye followed me with a troubled expression. Nothing more was said on the subject then, and my worthy sister-in-law fancied that she had triumphed.

That very day Mr. Pling, one of the old church-wardens of Meadowbrook, called to see Mr. Winneslie, and had a long conference with him.

"How would you like to go back to Meadowbrook?" asked my husband.

Meadowbrook! the name awakened associations both pleasant and painful. The painful, however, predominated; there were *some* people there whom I never could meet again.

But Mr. Pling had come laden with a heavy budget of news. The whole Otcheson party had sailed for Europe immediately after our departure, and the house had passed into other hands—Mrs. Otcheson having voted Meadowbrook the most stupid place she ever was in. The Simeses, root and branch, had moved to a neighboring town, and the Rev. Gilbert Murcross, the clergyman installed in Mr. Winneslie's place, having entirely failed to please his flock, or they him, found Meadowbrook a most uncomfortable residence, and sent in his resignation. The poor Meadowbrookians were, therefore, left in spiritual darkness, occasionally lightened by a visit from the Bishop, or some wandering clergyman; and when they heard that Mr. Winneslie had returned, they resolved to do their best to get him back. So said Mr. Pling, adding that Mr. Winneslie was very much beloved in Meadowbrook, and that perhaps it stood as much in need of his services as the place with the unpronounceable name which he had left.

As if to crown the matter, a letter from the Mission announced two new recruits just entered upon their labors; and advised Mr. Winneslie, in consideration of his delicate health, to seek a more favorable post.

"Well," said Arethusa, when all this news had been imparted, "where are you going *now?*"

"Fairy shall decide," replied my husband, smiling.

"Then," said I, "*I* decide to go to Meadowbrook."

And to Meadowbrook we went.

* * *

Busy hands had put the old rectory in complete order; various improvements had been made; and a number of warm friends welcomed our return. Once more in my dear old room I shed tears of perfect happiness, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts for both the sunshine and the storm.

I am writing in Mr. Winneslie's study; from the window I see my husband just returning from a pastoral visit, and I gratefully note the improvement in his whole appearance which a little good nursing has effected. As for me, I am growing so fat, with this country air and *happiness*, that Mr. Winneslie says it is quite a misnomer to call me "Fairy," and I am reluctantly compelled to agree with him.

Dear Arethusa no longer finds the closets "at sixes and sevens," and my husband declares that there is not a better housekeeper in Meadowbrook. I love to have him praise me, but *now* I strive to deserve it; for I have again a *home*, and a noble heart to fold me in its loving depths.

THE END.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

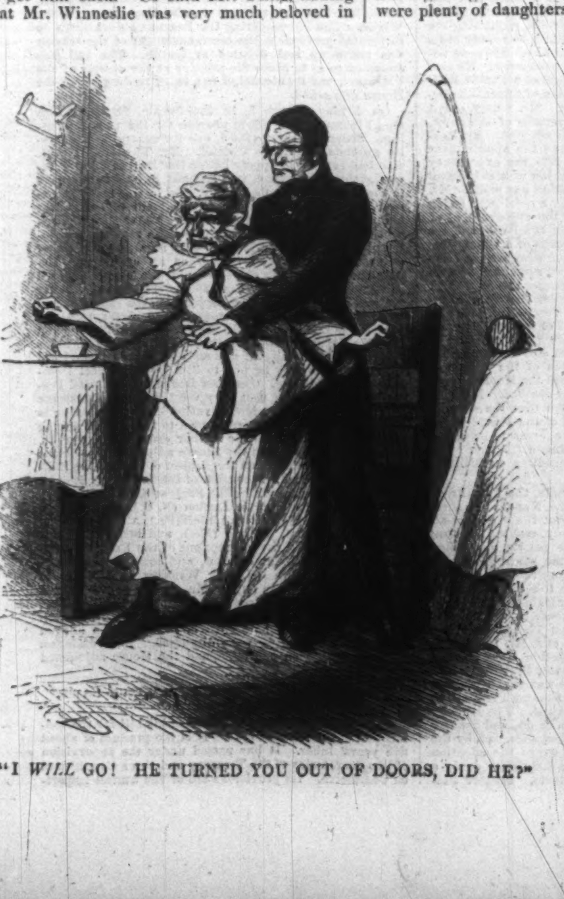
AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

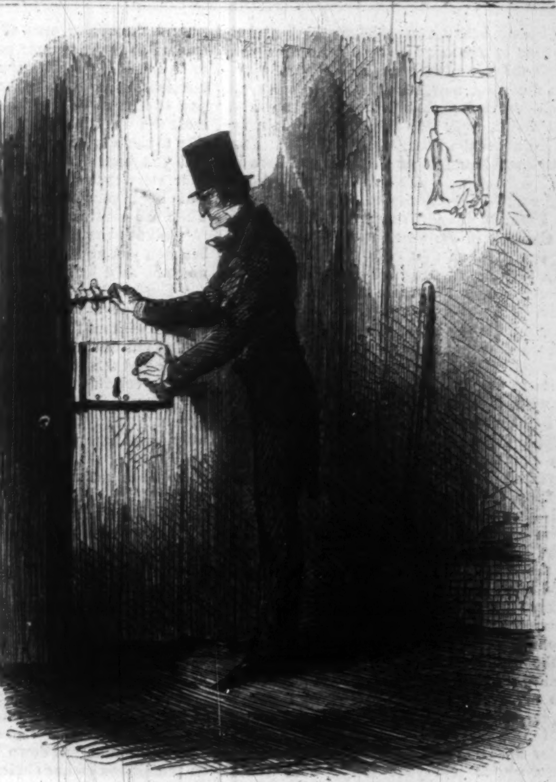
CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

THE FAMILY TREE CLIMBED.

"You see, I was nurse to Mr. Joseph's family—Mr. Joseph Clingham's; though, because there were so many of them, they always used to say Mr. George, Mr. Samuel, and so on, without putting any Clingham. Oh what a house that was, Lukey! The child that was born into it might have crowed day and night to think of his good luck. There was a carriage for the use of the nursery, all alone by itself, and every day when the weather was fine the coachman used to come and take out me and the children. Such rides! How I wished my little Lukey could be along with his mother! But no, he couldn't ride—he had to rise; and rising and riding don't go together, not at first; though he will have a carriage now—won't my Lukey? Then he was off, all the year round, at some bank a great way out of town, and I never looked for him except come Christmas and New-Year's; and even then I didn't always see him, poor boy! now a-sweeping, now a-fetching and carrying, now a-writing till twelve o'clock at night; but he was a-rising, a-rising all the time—wasn't he?"

"Yes, yes; get on, mother, get on."


"I *WILL* GO! HE TURNED YOU OUT OF DOORS, DID HE?"


"BOUND TO RISE, HEH, SONNY?"

"Don't hurry the poor old mother, sonny, I'm a-getting to it. Let's see—oh yes! There were plenty of daughters in that Clingham family—the other brothers used to say they were like Jacob's sons because they envied Joseph, but he didn't feel much like being envied. For though they were all pretty dear little young ones, those girls, they weren't sons, and Joseph did mightily want to have a son. At last another child was expected. Well, we got all ready for it in the nursery; and every body had been expecting and hoping and praying for a boy so long that now we felt sure it would be that kind of a baby. Even the little girls, down to the shortest little mite just learning to talk, kept running up to my side a dozen times a day to say, 'Won't we have a little brother—won't we have a *dear* little brother, nursie?' That shows how much it was thought about.

"Well, the time came, and the provoking little beast didn't. I know it isn't right, Lukey, but I can't help it; that's just the way we felt about it—that it was desperate mean of him. Though it wasn't his fault, poor thing! Girls will be girls, and this one was. Of course I didn't have much to do with the young Clinghams for some time after they were born—a woman in the wet line, or else Mrs. Clingham herself taking care of them till they were enough along to eat like other Christians. So I was very much surprised to have the waiter come to me one day, and say, 'Mrs. Green' (he always was very respectful), 'Mrs. Green, please to go to Mr. Clingham's study, he wants to see you;' and when I got there, to hear Mr. Clingham say he had sent to have a talk with me about the baby. 'Nurse,' said he, 'can you keep a secret?' 'Lord bless you, Mr. Clingham!' says I, 'if I should tell all I know now I guess some folks wouldn't be out of jail. Though they say women do let out every thing they know, I've always found that when people were in any trouble or such like they were always glad enough to come to me with it, being though I'm a woman. But I may be different from most of 'em.'

"'Well, nurse,' says Mr. Clingham, 'you're going to have a boy.'

"'Lor' bless you, Sir,' says I, 'excuse me, but you're very much mistaken. Mr. Green has been dead—dear soul!—this dozen years, and I'm a member in good standing. I hope you don't really think it of me.'

"'You don't understand me, nurse,' says he. 'I ought to have said, more correct perhaps, *we* are going to have a boy. There'll be a fine one here—to be a candidate for your nursery—if we can arrange it so, some time next week. In other words, and to speak plain, Mrs. Clingham and I have concluded to change babies with a friend of ours who wants a girl. Remember, keep mum about it; and now I want you to help us. Will you do it?' 'If I can, and it's right,' says I; 'and I suppose it is, for it's you that does it.' 'You'll be well paid,' says he. 'Very well, what is it?' says I; and then he told me that I must take little Nora—the very name, d'ye see, Lukey? he called her just the same that this little girl's called here—I must take the little Nora, and start off with her and a trunk full of baby clothes they'd have ready for me, and, unbeknown to all the servants, I must go by steamboat up the river to Hyde Park. There I'd find a carriage waiting for me at the wharf, and I must jump into it and ride up to a house where the driver would leave me. He didn't describe the house, for he said the driver would know. There I'd meet the gentleman who would change with me. I'd find he had a fine boy for me, just the age of little Nora, and I must take the young one and bring him back with me by the very next down boat that touched at Hyde Park, supposing I could possibly get rested so soon. I thought a little while, and then I told Mr. Clingham I guessed I'd do it, but I wanted to think a little while. Says he, 'I'll give you till to-morrow noon. I'd rather have you attend to it for us than any body else; but if you can't, why, you see, we can't wait, and must get another person who will.' 'I'll let you know by that time,' says I.

"So I went up to my own room and began turning it over in my head. This changing babies is ticklish business, thinks I. I wonder if it ain't a crime. I'd come out at the little end of the horn if I should do it, and find I'd got to be dealt with by the deacons, or be persecuted for it by the police. I'll find out before I do it, any way, says I.

"Accordingly I took down the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and I looked from the chief end of man to the other end, and I couldn't find any thing about changing babies; and there's every thing that's any way wicked set down in that, you know, Lukey.

"After I had found there was nothing about changing children in the Catechism, so it couldn't be much of a sin anyhow, thinks I it may be a crime against the gineral government. D'ye know where I got that idee? It was all your father, Lukey, blessed man! Before he went to heaven he was a Federalist, though that's before you can remember; you were in little pantaloons with tucks to 'em, poor little orphan, when he died: and such talk as I did used to hear in those days! Gineral government, gineral government, gineral government all the time—nothing but gineral government. Why didn't the gineral government do this, and why the gineral government did do that; and at last, I do believe, before he died, he got so that he said his prayers to the gineral government, dear man! Those other fellers, that they called the Demikrats, how he did hate them! He used to ask that all his enemies might be forgiven, except the devil, Jack Forbes (he was that rascal that I've often told you of that cheated us out of the Gore property, by hunting out a flaw in the title), and the Demikrats. But by-and-by your dear father happened to get elected President of our Debating Society, over at Pompey Hollow, where we lived then, and then he found out he had to keep using a book that was made by the head devil of all the Demikrats. He had to use it, you see, though it came awful hard at first, and riled the poor man more than was good for a deacon of the church; and he was very bad in the liver too, Lukey, for it was the only book that told any thing about how to keep order. Jefferson's Mannyal—that was the name they called it. And at last your father became quite reconciled to it, for he used frequently to say to me, 'Tilda!' 'Well,' says I. 'Ain't it mighty curious,' says he, 'that this here wicked, designing, infidel thief of a Demikrat, that don't want to have no gineral government—that wants to chew it all up and stamp on it, and grind it small—is the very fellow that goes and writes a Mannyal that shows how a gineral government can be carried on in the very best possible sort o' way, and benefits the gineral government thereby as much as can be?'

"'Perversity of human nature,' says I. 'He's made cap-tyve in his own devices, as it says in the blessed primer. Proud Korah's troop was swallowed up.'

"'Spoke like a sensible woman, Tilda,' says he. And he always *did* have a great respect for my opinion. P'rhaps because I wasn't giving it all the time it was more sot by.

"Well, he got to think more and more of Jefferson's Mannyal, and in his last sickness he used to be reading it all the time. His mind wandered a little now and then, and at such times he always thought he was a-speaking in the gineral government at Washington. When he came to die we were all a-sitting round his bed weeping and asking what we could do to make it easy for him, when, all at once, he sits right straight up, and says he, 'The vote will now be on the original motion. It is moved and seconded that John Green, in view of services done faithfully to this gineral government, have five minutes more to live.' Then he listened a few seconds—a cold shiver ran all through him—says he, in a faint voice, 'The Noes have it:' he fell back, and he was gone. Deary soul, how we all did feel! So I was left a poor widow, and you were a little orphan. But bound to rise, bound to rise, Lukey: heh sonny? Well, as I was a-going to say, you may think what a comfort the Mannyal was to him. After he was gone I always kept it, and used to read in it, occasionally, for his sake.

"Well, this time that Mr. Clingham asked me would I change the baby for him, and I found out that it wasn't agin the Catechism, as I said, thinks I, I'll see if it ain't something agin the gineral government. So I looked all through that Mannyal from cover to cover, saying to myself, if any thing can tell, why here it is. And I couldn't see that baby-changing was down there neither. It wasn't rising to a point, that was sartain. It wasn't parlymentary courtesy; and I couldn't see that it was laying any thing on the table. At first I thought it might be contempt of the House; but I reasoned a little on it, and, finally, as the offer was very good, being nothing less than fifty dollars just for taking a sail up the North River and back, and keeping a quiet tongue in my head, says I, I don't believe it's any thing agin the gineral government anyhow, and I'll do it for Mr. Clingham. So I told him I would, the next day, at noon, when he sent for me as appointed. It was about three or four days after that I started out with the baby."

"D—n that baby! there's no end to it! You went up the river, and stopped at Hyde Park, and went to the house as agreed on, and changed the one brat for the other, and brought the boy back. That's the way to tell it, talk it off with a snap! Your water's boiling. I'll take my tea strong, with sugar and no cream, thank you."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey: always impatient, Lukey! Sonny, sonny, you make me think of that tea-kettle: you're shiny and quiet outside; you wouldn't think you were cross to look at yourself in the glass now, though you do hurry up your old mother so, but inside I'll bet you're biling. Well, well, let's have tea. I won't say any more about the baby. Only just this: You want to know how I know that this girl here is Nora Clingham, and no Nora Manton anyhow. I'll tell you. When I stopped at that house in Hyde Park, it was just sundown. The babies were changed in the west parlor of the house, and I saw the man that gave me his baby-boy for Mr. Clingham's daughter right in the full glare of red light that came through the open window. He was a very peculiar-looking man—I marked him particular—I'd have known him any where after that in a crowd of thousands and thousands. And I handed him our baby, and told him to call it Nora—that was Mrs. Clingham's wish, if it was agreeable to him. Now, when I come to Cheswick, just five years ago last April, who should I meet one day a-walking in the street but this very same, peculiar, marked looking man—just the same one-sided stoop, only a little more by years, as was nat'ral—just the same drooping lip and chin that run back, with a deep dimple in it, and just the same mournful, seeking sort of look about the eyes. And he had a girl with him. I heard him call her *Nora!*—Nora! d'ye mark it, Lukey? And when I asked some body who that was, that man and that girl, I was told it was John Manton and his daughter *Nora*. And then the whole truth came up to me, and I seemed to see that Hyde Park house flash fairly into my eyes; and you can guess I wasn't much surprised when I found whose tenants John Manton and *his daughter Nora* were. *His* daughter Nora! Humph! That's all."

"Now you've told your story," said Luke Green, "and I've listened patiently to it, though I knew it by heart before, I beg you'll keep still and listen to what I have to say. No preserves, I thank you. Three years ago you told me these facts. You told me, too, that Joseph Clingham had died, and that, if there was no will, one-fifth of all his large property and interest in Clingham & Co. would belong to this girl, who is supposed to be Nora Manton, but is really Nora Clingham. That was ingenious in you—a mighty clever and far-reaching thought for one of your sex, who are generally either peacocks or geese."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey, don't tickle the old woman's vanity, you designing rogue."

"Is it like me to flatter? I know I can do it. I know I do do it; but not when I can help it. That *was* a devilish sharp stroke for a woman to think of, and I followed up the idea. I found that Joseph Clingham *hadn't* left any will—that he died suddenly of ossification of the heart when he supposed he had full twenty years life-lease longer. His heart turned into bone, you know—that's what ossification means—not into stone, which is petrifaction, and would be a much properer, prettier disease for a gentleman in business on 'Change to die of. Well, as you know, I immediately began to put in for the girl, according to your bright suggestion. She was young and raw then, but I thought I'd begin early. So I commenced playing the devoted to a baby in sun-bonnets, who wore tails braided down her back and tied with blue ribbon. Lord! wasn't I ardent? In short, I was as sweet as I knew how to be."

"Oh, Lukey, Lukey, boy, that was a *deal* too sweet."

"Never mind. Now it was a picture—now it was a silver kickshaw for nosegays—now it was a card-table—now it was something else. I didn't see as I was gaining much—the girl grew older and older."

"Women always do," said Luke Green's mother, sententiously, and with a sigh.

"And," continued Luke Green, without noticing the interruption, "she didn't seem to like me any better—but, saucy minx! she quite avoided me. Yet I kept on, day and night planning and trying different styles of attack on the young woman—both because you always would hie me on when I felt like giving up the job, and because the chance of recovering the girl's share in Joseph Clingham's estate out of his administrators wasn't to be snuffed at, when it amounted to a cool hundred thousand, to say nothing of such part of the partnership interest as would descend to her. So I've toiled away like a dog—now pulling this wire, now that—for all these long months and years. At last I got old Manton's consent. He even said I should have his help. I thought then that I was made. He told me she was a poor, portionless girl, which showed he didn't suspect what I wanted her for; and I answered back—Heavens! so piously—that my humble income was enough for two, and her loveliness was an abundant dower. As I said, I supposed, because the girl seemed to think so much of the old man, that, when he wanted her to do it, she'd take right to me—or mind him, any way. He *did* talk to her, I know, for he told me so; and after that she didn't avoid me so much, though there wasn't any other change. I suppose she was what you women would call trying to *bear* me. To cut the story short, I had every hope of getting her, by hook or by crook, until there came to the Bank, in place of a book-keeper that was turned out by James Clingham, a rascal—d—n him a thousand times!—and I have every reason to believe that the fool is in love with him."

And Luke Green indulged in an imprecation which is as unpleasant to write as it would have been to hear.

"Not in love with my Lukey—my dear, sweet Lukey? She shall be in love with you—we'll make her. We won't lose her so—will we, sonny?"

And the spider eyes of the old woman retreated so far into their cobweb of wrinkles as to be out of sight, with the intensity of her determination; while as that cruel, square lower jaw of hers came up with a crunch against the crust she was nibbling, the likeness of the mother to the son became fearfully apparent; and had you been there, you would have thanked your stars that neither of them disliked you, and held your finger where the crust was. Then she continued:

"What's the name of the man that comes in between you and the girl, Lukey? What's his name? Just let's hear it."

"Ernest Beckford," answered Luke Green, with a look and in a voice that were curse enough without farther words.

The old woman's twin spiders sprang out as if they had the very fattest fly right on the edge of their cobweb.

"Ernest—Ernest—Ernest? Let me see! Ernest, you say? I've heard that name somewhere. Where was it, now? I used to know an Ernest. Oh, I *can't* think! Deary me, Lukey, I'm getting to be a terrible forgetful old woman!"

"Oh, it isn't likely you could have ever heard of him. He's a perfect stranger to most of the firm, I believe, except that he had done them some service abroad where he came from. But *she* loves him—I know she does; and to-day, when I went to old Manton's to talk about him, what do you think *he* did to me? *He,* d—n him!"

"What, Lukey? What?"

"He turned me out of doors! By ——, if I am not even with him, may I—"

And at the same time the lower jaw of the man and the woman ground audibly, and with a force which once more told their kinship. The old woman put down her cup, and leaning on the elbows of her chair, lifted herself to her feet. Her face was ashy pale, and her lip trembled, though her teeth were shut.

"Let me go, Lukey—let me go!" she muttered, trying to shake her shoulders loose from his grasp. "I *will* go! He turned you out of doors, did he? *He,* the baby-changer! I'll go and drag him out of his house! I'll bring him out by the hair! I'll spit on him! I'll show him to the crowd, and say, 'There's the man that sold his son for a daughter! Baby-changer!' Let me go, Luke Green! Let me go, I say! Mind me, boy! I'm your mother! Turned you out of doors, did he? *He!*"

It required all the strength even of a grown man like the Bank superintendent to hold down the struggling old woman, endued as she was with a preternatural force through rage. But at length her fury spent itself; and, all limp and shivering, she fell back on her chair like an exhausted tiger-cat, and listened to her son.

"Do you want to ruin me? Do you want to make yourself a cursed old fool and me a laughing-stock, and, worse yet, a perfectly lost man? Good God! are you crazy? Sit down—sit down!"

When she had grown quiet again, or measurably so, he continued:

"I must have that girl, if it costs me my life. Look you, mother! You're old, but I know you can keep a close tongue. I'll just give you a little inkling of something. For quite a while past I've been making stock operations and doing other slippery money-business; and now that I've laid the egg and sat on it, it's got to hatch. It will all be out before long; there's no help for it; and then, unless by that time Nora Manton, as she calls herself, Nora Clingham as she is, is my wife, and I am in that way related to the Clinghams, so that it won't do to blow out on me, I lose my place as superintendent, and, hark! *very likely my liberty!* As sure as there's a God or a devil, if I don't get that girl I shall be in danger of State Prison inside of the next six weeks!"

"Lukey! Lukey! I'll die before I let them take you!" was all the old woman could gasp, now staring into his face with a ghastly fixedness.

"*I'll* die before I go there. But I must make one more push for the girl. Now can *you* think of any new plan? You always were up to plans, and that's one reason why I've come to you to-night. If you can fix on any thing we haven't tried yet, I believe I'm ready to put it in operation, if it isn't absolutely crazy. Your profit's my profit, and mine's yours. If you do succeed in getting that cursed girl for me, there's no queen ever lived better and had more honor than you shall have. I will be your slave, as well as your son, till you die."

The very fact of perceiving herself thus left to her own resources was a quickener to the intelligence of the old woman. With the sheer necessity of thinking harder than usual, planning with a rarer sagacity, her eyes grew larger, emerging out of their cobwebs, and seeming to advance toward the outer rim, as if to tighten the strands and lay them more cunningly for a prey. She set down her tea-cup, put her chin in her palm as if to press the jaw still tighter on some thought whose very life she was sucking out, and rocked her whole head forward and back upon her elbow. And in the dim light which by this time was all that strained down from the sunset sky through the wet raiment intervening between heaven and Blinker's Court, her strange cap seemed a mysterious unshriven spirit, flitting restlessly, aimlessly in its pain on the ghost-white muslin wings that held it under her chin. And as she rocked, and the gloomy spirit flitted, Luke Green still paced the floor, ever and anon looking toward her as if asking for her conclusion.

Suddenly she sat perfectly motionless, pressing her chin as if she would crush it in. Then she lifted herself to her feet with almost juvenile alacrity, and, in a voice that was more like a hawk-scream than a human voice, cried out:

"Lukey! Lukey! I have it, Lukey, boy! The day's ours! Oh, goody—goody—goody—good! Look here now! Keep quiet, boy—don't get excited! Haven't you lent old Manton money? Didn't you tell me you had?"

"Yes; he owes me three hundred dollars now. I've got his note for it. It isn't worth that!" and Luke Green contemptuously snapped his fingers. "I lent it to him knowing I couldn't get it again unless I got that d—d woman. It was a venture, that's all."

"Never mind, never mind! Hark, Lukey, you just take that note and show it to the girl, and tell her that if she marries you it's hers. But if she don't take you, then it goes into the hands of the Law, and John Manton gets sold out on execution. And just you hint to her one other little thing—you needn't tell her right out that it is so, and lie about it—just you hint that, maybe, her father knows more about the disappearance of certain bank money than he'd care to tell her, and that, when you caught him at a little operation of that kind, he gave you that note to cover you in case *you* were blamed; and, Lukey, tell her that it may go hard with her father if it's found out, but it never shall be found out if she'll marry you. And then strike while the iron's hot—the moment she gets frightened, and says Yes, take her right off to the nearest justice's, and marry her directly! What do you think of that, boy?"

The superintendent stood silent for a moment after his mother had ceased—while she, clutching him by both wrists, peered up into his face—and then replied, slowly, and considerately,

"By G—d! I believe I'll try *that.*"

He bid his mother good-night. She kissed him repeatedly with that mouth so hard, so malignly set, for every other thing and creature. "You'll rise, Lukey, you'll rise! bound to rise, heh, sonny?" These words were the last that sounded on his ear as he went down the stairs. And as he came past the door of the front room on the lowest floor the lodger therein opened it for a moment, and on the wall opposite there hung, as a decoration, shined upon by the full flame of the just lighted candle, a colored engraving of Haman's gallows and elevation. "Bound to rise, heh, sonny?" These words seemed sinking through the air like a plummet from third pair back. And Mr. Luke Green shuddered slightly, though the evening was warm, as he passed out into Blinker's Court.

LITERARY.

THE BEREAVED will, we think, be interested by an advertisement in another column directed to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, March 5, in the Senate, Senator Haun (Cal.) presented the credentials of Milton S. Latham (Cal.), who appeared and was sworn in. Senator Sumner (Mass.) introduced a resolution calling upon the President for copies of all correspondence relating to the propositions on maritime law and neutral rights by the Congress of Paris of the 16th April, 1856. The bill authorizing the sale of arms to the States was taken up, when Senator Fessenden (Me.) moved an amendment prohibiting any State or Territory from purchasing a greater number than its population would justify. No action was taken on the amendment, and the bill was laid aside. The Claims Court Bill being taken up, Senator Bayard (Del.) explained its provisions and advocated its passage. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an amendment requiring that an appropriation be made by Congress before any money is paid out of the Treasury. Some discussion was had, when the motion to amend was lost. Some other amendments were proposed and made, when, after discussion, the Senate adjourned without disposing of the bill.——In the House, Mr. Millson (Va.) moved that the House proceed to the election of a Chaplain to officiate alternately with the one already chosen by the Senate. A discussion ensued, and Mr. Millson's resolution was adopted. Mr. Sherman (Ohio) made an ineffectual effort to have the bill regulating the mileage of members of Congress reduced to twenty cents per mile, straight line traveling, taken up. He gave notice that he would renew his motion to-morrow. He also asked consent to move that the subject of a Pacific Railroad be referred to a Select Committee of fifteen—he declining to serve on the Committee. Mr. Curry (Ala.) objected. Mr. S. then moved a suspension of the rules, which was agreed to, and the motion adopted. Mr. Burroughs (N. Y.) asked consent to move the appointment of a Committee of nine to inquire into the expediency of aiding New York in the construction of a ship-canal around the Falls of Niagara. Objection was made. Mr. Barksdale (Miss.) asked leave to offer a resolution fixing upon the 4th of June as the day for the adjournment of Congress; objected to. Mr. Covode (Pa.) asked leave to offer a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five for the purpose of investigating whether the President or any other officer of the Government has, with money, patronage, or any other improper means, sought to influence Congress or any Committee thereof with regard to the rights of the States or Territories, and also to make investigation into a number of matters connected with Government. Mr. Florence (Pa.) objected to the introduction of the resolution, as also did a number of other Democrats. The suspension of the rules was moved, amidst much excitement, when the House agreed to the motion, and the resolution was adopted. Mr. Reagan (Texas) offered a joint resolution that the sum of $5,000,000 be placed at the disposal of the President, to defray the expenses of the volunteer forces to be called into military service on the Rio Grande frontier. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, when the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, March 6, in the Senate, the Vice-President presented a certified copy of the Kansas Constitution. Senator Mason (Va.) stated that the Sergeant-at-Arms had Thaddeus Hyatt in custody, and moved that he be brought before the bar of the Senate, and asked what excuse he had for disobeying the summons of the Senate Committee, whether he was now ready to answer, and that he be required to answer the questions propounded by the Committee. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved to substitute the word reason for excuse in the first interrogatory; negatived, by 42 against 12. Senator Mason's resolution was then adopted, and Mr. Hyatt was given till 2 P.M. on Friday next to decide upon answering the Committee's questions. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolution relative to the Territories was taken up, and he addressed the Senate at length. Senator Fitch (Ind.) replied, when the subject was postponed. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill was taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) explained the position occupied by the people on the frontier of Texas, and urged the adoption of the amendment appropriating $1,300,000 to equip a regiment of Mounted Texan Volunteers. Senator Fessenden (Me.) opposed immediate action on the ground of the silence of the President and Secretary of War on the subject. Senator Toombs (Ga.) thought the President and Governor of Texas had ample power already. After further discussion, a message was received from the President inclosing Governor Houston's communication on the subject. Also a communication from the Secretary of War. The Senate then adjourned without any action on the bill.——In the House, the bill for the protection of female passengers on emigrant ships was taken up, and after being amended so that a process may be issued in the English, French, or German language, and that suit be brought within one year from the time of the arrival of the vessel, the bill was passed. Mr. John Cochrane (N. Y.) reported a bill for the simplification and codification of the revenue laws. Mr. Washburne (Ill.) reported a joint resolution, which was adopted, directing the unexpended balance of the appropriation for a light-house at Chicago to be devoted to the improvement of the harbor of that city. Mr. Florence (Pa.) presented a memorial asking that steamers of light draught be substituted for sailing schooners in the revenue service. The House then proceeded to the election of a Chaplain, and Mr. Stockton of Philadelphia was elected by 16 majority. On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio), the Congressional Mileage Bill was taken up and passed, 154 against 21. Mr. Hoard offered a resolution calling for a select Committee to inquire into certain statements made by Messrs. Adrian, Haskin, and Hickman, last December, to the effect that the President had endeavored to bribe them from their course of duty. An exciting debate ensued, after which the resolution was adopted, when the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, March 7, in the Senate, Senator Seward (N. Y.) presented petitions for the Homestead bill and for protection on coal and iron. Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of appointing a commission to revise and arrange the statutes of the United States, which was agreed to. Senator Brown's resolutions relative to Territories was taken up, and Senator Wade (Ohio) took the floor, and addressed the Senate at length, and was followed by Senator Toombs. The subject was then postponed till to-morrow. The Military Academy bill was then taken up, when Senator Fessenden (Me.) moved the postponement of it till the papers received from the War Department relative to the Texas border troubles were printed. Senator Wigfall (Texas) urged immediate action, but the Senate agreed to the motion to postpone, and adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Farnsworth (Ill.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of establishing an Assay Office and Branch Mint at Chicago. Referred. Mr. Thayer (Mass.) reported against Mr. Morrill's Agricultural College bill. Mr. Morrill (Vt.) moved that the consideration of the report be postponed till the third Tuesday in April. Mr. Branch (N. C.) wanted the bill to go to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Mr. Crawford (Ga.) moved to lay the bill on the table, which was negatived by 106 Nays to 72 Yeas. The motion to postpone was then agreed to. Mr. Aldrich (Minn.) endeavored to obtain consent, but failed, to offer a resolution directing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of removing the National Capital to some point west of the Mississippi. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) reported a bill incorporating the United States Agricultural Society. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and Mr. Van Wyck (N. Y.) took the floor, making a speech which caused some excitement. Mr. Perry (Me.) and Mr. Moorhead (Pa.) followed on the same side, when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 8, in the Senate, Senator Grimes (Iowa) gave notice of a bill for the retrocession of the District of Columbia to the State of Maryland, and for the removal of the capital of the United States. Senator Brown's (Miss.) Territorial resolutions were then taken up, and Senator Collamer (Vt.) addressed the Senate. He was followed by Senator Benjamin (La.) in reply. The West Point Bill was then taken up, and Senator Wigfall (Texas) withdrew his amendment for an appropriation to pay Texas volunteers, and presented another specifying the items desired. After some debate the amendment was adopted. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved that when the regiments of volunteers are raised, the reglar army be decreased in proportion. Lost. Adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Burch (Cal.) introduced a bill to pay the expenses attending the suppression of Indian hostilities. He also offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Judiciary Committee to ascertain if any legislation is necessary to facilitate the organization of the House, and preserve order, previous to the election of a Speaker. Mr. Kellogg (Ill.) introduced a bill granting lands to actual settlers in the Territories, and providing that the inhabitants elect all Territorial officers. Mr. John Cochrane (N. Y.) introduced a bill to amend the act limiting the liabilities of ship-owners. Mr. Gurley (Ohio) reported a Congressional printing, binding, and lithographing reform bill—proposing to establish a Government printing-office. Mr. Burnett (Ky.) moved to instruct the Committee on Public Expenditures to investigate the giving out of the public binding. The motion was carried to grant a clerk and stenographer, as also the motion of Mr. Burnett. Mr. Colfax (Ind.) submitted a report and bill proposing a reduction in the expenses of the Post-office Department; also inviting proposals for carrying the entire mails between the Atlantic and Pacific States, on one line. The Army Appropriation Bill was reported. Messrs. Stanton (Ohio) and Curtis (Iowa) urged that the bill should be referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and Messrs. Sherman (Ohio), Phelps (Mo.), and Washburn (Me.) took opposite grounds, when the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The bill requiring the Executive documents to be printed previous to the commencement of the session was taken up and debated at length. The bill was amended so as to place the printing at the option of the President, and then ordered to a third reading, when the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 9, in the Senate, Senator Fitch (Ind.) introduced a bill to provide for the public printing. Senator Bright (Ind.), one for enlarging the public grounds about the Capitol. Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, who had refused to appear before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, was brought in, and in response to the Vice-President's inquiry, said he was ready to answer, presenting a voluminous document to be read as his reply. This was, on motion of Senator Mason (Va.), sent to the Clerk to be read, when the reading was interrupted by Senator Mason, who regarded the paper as not so much of an answer as an argument. Debate ensued upon the objection, and the Senate ordered the paper to be read by Yeas 40 against Nays 12. After the reading was completed, Senator Mason recapitulated the facts of Mr. Hyatt's summons and arrest, together with the points contained in the answer. He then moved that Mr. Hyatt be confined in the jail until he signifies his willingness to appear and answer all proper and legal questions that may be put to him by the Select Committee of the Senate. Senators Doolittle (Wis.) and Fessenden (Me.) saying that they wanted time to examine this question, Senator Mason varied his motion so as to order that Mr. Hyatt be remanded to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms until the further order of the Senate. This was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on the subject of the Pacific Railroad was announced. It consists of the following: Messrs. Curtis (Iowa), Farnsworth (Ill.), Phelps (Mo.), Davis (Md.), Scott (Cal.), Rice (Mass.), Fenton (N. Y.), Smith (Va.), Taylor (La.), Kellogg (Mich.), Blair (Pa.), Aldrich (Minn.), Hamilton (Texas), French (Me.), and Stout (Oregon). The Committee on the Corruptions of the Executive Department was also announced, and consists of Messrs. Covode (Pa.), Olin (N. Y.), Winslow (N. C.), Train (Mass.), and Robinson (Ill.). Mr. Gurley (Ohio) reported a joint resolution to repeal a part of the Printing law, so as to give each House control of its own printing. An exceedingly spicy debate ensued, in which the alleged frauds in the binding were discussed. The resolution was finally laid on the table, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE CODIFICATION OF THE REVENUE LAWS.

We read in the *Herald:*

"Mr. John Cochrane has charge of his bill for the codification of the revenue laws. It is the product of about five years' labor. It has passed under the supervision of two Secretaries of the Treasury and three Committees on Commerce. Its provisions are of the utmost importance to the administration of revenue law, and indeed to its actual intelligibility. It is a simplification of those formerly offered. Mr. Cochrane has thought it the wisest course to exclude from it all innovations of an important character, leaving to the work of future amendment the task of further improvement. A bill of such magnitude as this can not be read with ease, and if read not one in a hundred could be presumed to be so familiar with its details as to understand it; consequently he wishes it understood that the chief object proposed by this bill is the repeal of all conflicting laws, and the collation of the old and judiciously approved laws in a body, with emendations of detail and practical working, as adopted by the regulations of the Treasury Department, and in approved practice under its authority, but without sanction of law. Thus it may be understood that no innovations are contemplated. It is proposed to make the law take effect in one year after its passage. In the mean time, if errors should be made, the law is to be perfected, if in any part decided to be imperfect. The bill is in readiness, and will probably have a special and early day set apart for its consideration."

GENTLEMANLY LANGUAGE IN CONGRESS.

The following is the report of a recent occurrence in Congress, from the *Globe:*

MR. VAN WYCK. "Sir, I will indulge in no unkind remark to wound the feelings of any man; but the charge must be met, and history vindicated, let the consequences fall where and as they may. One other gentleman spoke of Massachusetts burning witches in the ancient times. Does he not know that your own people burn slaves at the stake, and it seems to waken no horror in your minds."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. (interrupting). "I pronounce the gentleman a liar and scoundrel. I pronounce the gentleman's assertion false—utterly false."

MR. VAN WYCK. "My time is short, and I hope not to be interrupted."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "You have no right to utter such foul and false slanders."

MR. GARTRELL. "I rise to a point of order. It is that no member upon this floor has a right to libel the people of any section of this country, and then deny to the representatives of that people the right to reply. I pronounce the assertion made by the gentleman false and unfounded."

(Cries of "Order" on the Republican side.)

MR. VAN WYCK. "I have heard such words before, and I am not to be disturbed nor interfered with by any blustering of that sort. I am not here to libel any part of the Union."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "Will you go outside the District of Columbia and test the question of personal courage with any Southern man?"

MR. VAN WYCK. "I travel any where, and without fear of any one. For the first eight weeks of this session you stood upon this floor continually libeling the North and the people of the Free States, charging them with treason and all manner of crimes; and now you are thrown into a great rage when I tell you a few facts."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "Mr. Chairman—"

THE CHAIR. "The gentleman from New York can not be interrupted except by a point of order, and the Chair appeals to the gentlemen of the Committee not to violate the rules of the House. The Chair trusts they will not do so."

MR. DAVIS, of Miss. "I shall observe them, Sir, if others do not; but I certainly will not permit Southern people to be slandered."

MR. VAN WYCK. "If gentlemen are so sensitive in regard to their own feelings, I ask them to be as sensitive as to the feelings of others; if they were, we would not have had such wholesale denunciations of the people of the North as we had during the first eight weeks of this session."

AFFRAY AT WASHINGTON.

"An encounter occurred on March 7, between Colonel Fred. W. Lander, of Massachusetts, superintendent of the overland wagon road expedition, and W. M. F. Magraw, of Missouri, freight contractor, and late superintendent of the same expedition. It will be recollected that an attack was made last winter in the rotunda of Willard's Hotel, by Mr. Magraw, upon Colonel Lander. In this difficulty, it is said, Colonel Lander, after having received four terrible blows—the first struck while his back was turned—at last reached Magraw, knocked him down and beat him until pulled off by the bystanders. Magraw went West, and while Colonel Lander was absent in the Rocky Mountains, stated in St. Louis that he had whipped him in the fight, and at the same time applied opprobrious epithets to him. Directly after the occurrence, Magraw sent two gentlemen to Colonel Lander begging him not to renew the difficulty which had originally grown out of Magraw's refusal to fight Colonel Lander a duel, or make required apology. Colonel Lander returned from California about two months ago. Magraw arrived yesterday. To-day Colonel Lander met Magraw in front of Kirkwood's Hotel, at which he is stopping. Magraw got out of a hack, with some friends. Lander was accompanied by Major Yates, the gentleman to whom Magraw had made the aforesaid remarks. Colonel Lander said, 'I demand of you an explanation of your remarks to this gentleman.' Magraw stepped back upon the steps of the hotel, followed up by Lander. Magraw put his hand to his pocket and muttered something. Lander struck him upon the breast, pushing him back, saying, 'Speak up, and speak loud, Sir!' On this Magraw said, 'Let me go into the hotel.' 'Yes,' said Lander, and followed up. Within the hotel Magraw attempted to go into the entry; Lander stopped him, saying, 'Turn round now, Sir, and face me, and answer me,' at the same time turning him rudely round by the shoulder.

HOW IT ENDED.

"Hereon Mr. Kirkwood, the proprietor of the hotel, in the most gentlemanly manner, interposed, requesting Lander not to create a disturbance in the house, telling him that ladies on the floor above were seriously alarmed at the noise of the altercation. This for an instant parted the combatants, and permitted Magraw to retire some ten feet. He immediately drew his pistol, and, pointing it to Lander, said, 'Approach me again, Sir, and you are a dead man. Lander jumped to attack him, saying at the same time, 'I am unarmed, you scoundrel, but no matter.' Mr. Kirkwood again interposed. Colonel Lander said, 'Come out on the avenue again, Sir; relieve this gentleman from this affray here, take your pistol, and I will meet you as I am, unarmed—come on.' Magraw refused. Lander then, after stigmatizing him as a liar, thief, blackguard, and scoundrel, requested any one of the crowd to step forward—of which there were more than forty—and take up the quarrel, if a friend of Magraw. None speaking, Colonel Lander retired. The last statement heard was, 'You have refused my challenge; you have refused to name your time and place, and your own weapons, and meet me; you have struck me with a billy and were whipped by me for it, and have lied to the contrary; and now, you scoundrel, you refuse a scratch fight; you with a loaded pistol and I unarmed—I shall never notice you again.' Colonel Lander then made his apologies to the proprietors of the hotel, offered to wait on the ladies and apologize, and retired. Colonel Lander was accompanied by Major Yates, and during the altercation was joined by his nephew, W. H. West, who took no part in the affair whatever. Colonel Lander is a Massachusetts man, and says for the honor of his State he will never carry concealed weapons, though he will fight any one who assails him with or without them."

MORE OF THE JOHN BROWN AFFAIR.

The Grand Jury of Jefferson County, Virginia, having found indictments against Owen Brown, son of John Brown, and Francis Merriam, two of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, Governor Letcher has made a requisition upon Governor Dennison of Ohio for their arrest. Governor Dennison declines issuing warrants for their arrest, and states that he has already given his reasons to Governor Letcher.

TRAGEDY AT SYRACUSE.

A terrible tragedy was enacted on Thursday in Syracuse. A husband, whose wife's honor had been tampered with by a physician, first poisoned his two children and then himself, the poison proving fatal in each case. The man's name is Tinker, and that of the physician Searles. The latter has been locked up in the Penitentiary to protect him from the indignation of the citizens.

A SAD STORY.

The Troy *Times* of the 28th ult. details the following: "Not a very great while ago—at least within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—a gentleman of wealth and position, who lives on the Fifth Avenue in New York, came to this city for the express purpose of seeing the rural elephant. He soon became acquainted with the different varieties of the animal here; in fact, his knowledge progressed, as subsequently appeared, altogether too rapidly for his moral or physical good. In course of time the New York gentleman became acquainted with a woman living in the upper part of the city, who was an angel of about any thing but virtue. She was a married woman, but that did not make any particular difference; the New Yorker was not fastidious in point of morals. They walked, rode, feasted together. In course of time the state of things became known to the husband of the erring woman, who put himself in a position to watch the progress of events. Late one night, when he was supposed to be almost any where else, he caught his delinquent wife and her metropolitan paramour emerging from a vehicle in front of a well-known disreputable establishment on River Street. His words were few—his actions, by the aid of a slung shot, spoke for themselves. When his manifestations were completed the New Yorker might as well have been in Africa as in Troy, for all the consciousness he possessed of his whereabouts. He was taken up and carried to his hotel, where the surgeon who was summoned said he would die. This alarmed the husband, who at once made himself exceedingly scarce. The wife, thus left without restraint, took upon herself the treatment of her paramour, and during more than five weeks, while he was confined to his room, nursed him assiduously. But he did not die. So the husband returned, and not only returned, but made an application for divorce, which was allowed to go by default—the wife having no defense to make. Since the severance of her marriage ties she has fast descended in the social scale, and added intemperance to immorality. On Friday night last, while quite intoxicated, she met at the establishment before referred to, a black man of genuine ebony hue and grizzly pate, whom in conversation she challenged to marry her. The negro accepted the challenge, and the pair proceeded together to call upon a colored pastor. He at first declined to marry them, but upon being assured by the woman that her father was half black, his reluctance was overcome, and he performed the ceremony. The amalgamated parties lived together but a day or two, when the woman was taken to the house of her father in Albany. The affair is a scandalous one throughout, and affords a sad revelation of the workings of a class of social evils in our very midst. The former husband of the woman is a respectable man, and her father is an estimable and wealthy citizen of Albany."

TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.

We read in the Petersburg *Express*, February 29:

"The usually quiet and law-abiding people of the County of Henry have been intensely excited for the past three or four days, in consequence of a terrible tragedy—or rather triple tragedy—that was enacted in their midst on Saturday last. The particulars reached us last evening through a source entirely reliable. The details, although not as full as we shall, doubtless, be enabled to give at an early day, are sufficient to cause a thrill of horror at their mere recital.

"It appears, according to the version given us, that, some years since, a grand-daughter of the venerable and talented Vincent Witcher, Esq., of Pittsylvania County, married a gentleman from the adjoining County of Henry, whose name was Clemmens. His Christian name we have been unable to ascertain. The maiden name of Mr. Witcher's grand-daughter was Smith. The parties lived happily together until about eighteen months since, when, upon the most unfounded suspicions, as we have been informed, Mr. Clemmens desired a separation from his wife, and immediately instituted proceedings for a divorce, at the same time impeaching her honor as the grounds for his course.

"Last Saturday was set apart for the taking of depositions, and the parties met at a magisterial precinct in Henry County.

"Mr. Witcher appeared to defend the suit and protect the honor of his grand-daughter.

"The taking of the depositions progressed, and after the plaintiff had finished with a witness, Mr. Witcher asked a question, which greatly exasperated the husband, Mr. Clemmens. He immediately arose, drawing a pistol at the same time, and fired at Mr. Witcher. Mr. Witcher, it seems, also rose and drew a pistol from his pocket, and as the ball of his antagonist grazed around the abdomen he fired, striking Clemmens in the forehead and killing him instantly.

"A nephew of Mr. Witcher, and a Mr. Smith, brother of Mrs. Clemmens, hearing the firing, rushed into the room. A brother of Mr. Clemmens, who had also been attracted by the pistol reports, fired at a nephew of Mr. Witcher, the ball taking effect, and producing, it is feared, a fatal wound. Upon seeing his nephew shot, Mr. Vincent Witcher again fired, striking Clemmens No. 2, and killing him instantly.

"At this stage of the sanguinary affair Mr. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Clemmens, drew a bowie-knife, but had scarcely unsheathed the blade when he was fired upon by a second brother of Clemmens, the ball taking effect in the shoulder, and producing a painful wound. Infuriated by his wound, Mr. Smith rushed upon his antagonist, and with one powerful thrust of the knife completely disemboweled Clemmens No. 3, the unfortunate man falling dead on the spot.

"Three of the parties dead, and the other three all wounded, the horrible tragedy here ended."

HORRIBLE DEATH.

The Providence *Journal* says; "A melancholy and fatal accident occurred about nine o'clock Monday morning, at the Branch Mill, two miles west of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Mrs. Potter, wife of Asa Potter, who worked in the spinning and warping room of the mill, was passing near the upright shaft, when her dress caught on the head of a bolt in the coupling of the shaft, winding it around the shaft, throwing her down, and in that position whirling her around with great velocity, the shaft making one hundred revolutions per minute. The shaft was stopped in one or two minutes, but she was dead when disentangled from it. While carried around with the shaft, her head and shoulders were constantly thrown against the contiguous machinery with such force as to break her neck, and shockingly crush and mangle the bones and flesh of her head, neck, shoulders, arms, and upper portion of her body. Her husband had charge of the room, and was present when the sad accident occurred. She was a very worthy woman, and with her husband had been employed a number of years in the Branch Mill. She left two boys, the youngest about four years of age.

PERSONAL.

The occasion for the visit, in June next, of the Prince of Wales to the Canadas, is that he may put into its place the last stone of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, belonging to and forming part of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

Mrs. Senator Thompson, of New Jersey, was the only lady in Washington who braved the austerities of Lent, last week, by giving a dancing party. Postmaster-General Holt entertained the members of the Congressional Post-office Committee at dinner on Thursday.

At present the main stay of Speaker Pennington is the page who stands upon the right, a youth of fine appearance, and something near nineteen years of age. This page was first appointed to office by Speaker Boyd, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of "page to the Speaker," among which is now reckoned the duties of prompting the Speaker in discharging his business. He stands near the Speaker, and directs him in an under-tone how to put every motion, and how to decide points of order as they arise. "Thaddeus" is known to all the politicians of the country as the most remarkable parliamentarian of his age living. With the construction of the rules of order he is perfectly familiar, and every precedent he has at his fingers'-ends.

General Tom Thumb, who is only twenty-two years of age, has his yacht, his fast trotter, is without a wife, and is rich, is about to start again to make an exhibition of himself. He is tired of a quiet life, and longs to be a spectacle again to admiring crowds.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, is said to have entirely recovered from the effects of the late severe surgical operation performed on him for the gravel.

The Delegates from Massachusetts to the Charleston Democratic Convention, and such as propose to be present at the meeting of that body, in April, are making arrangements to go in a body. It is proposed to charter one of the new steamers of the Baltimore line for the trip. It is understood that the Charleston hotel-keepers have resolved to charge *seven dollars per day* for board during the session of the Convention!

John Bowen is in custody at Portsmouth, Virginia, charged with marrying a young girl there while having a wife at Gloucester Point, New Jersey. Bowen formerly resided in Baltimore.

An amusing occurrence took place in the New Jersey State Senate at Trenton on Monday last. A rumor having obtained currency that the wife of the Senator from Burlington had recently presented him with triplets, a resolution was presented, tendering him the congratulations of his peers, and recommending that his example be followed by the entire body of grave and reverend Senators. The resolution was laid on the table, amidst a terrific explosion of laughter, which could not be restrained, the lobbies relishing the joke equally as keenly as those within the bar.

The daughter of a much-respected citizen (says the Louisville *Democrat*) married some two or three months ago quite a well-known member of the legal profession in our city. The honey-moon passed, we suppose, with them as it usually passes with wedded love. The young wife was gay and fast, and improved the opportunity to create many small bills, which the husband could pay at leisure. Not content with this privilege, and gay, withal, at home and abroad, rumor says the young wife cultivated a love for a well-known comedian, and desired to share his fortunes. Rumor says many strange things, and among them that the wife has gone off after the actor. The husband, being a lawyer, has already, we understand, filed a petition for a divorce. We do not give the names of the parties, though they are well known in some circles in our city.

Mr. Joseph Barker has arrived in England, from America, after enduring a very stormy sea-voyage across the Atlantic. It is stated that he intends to reside in England, and will join the moderate reformers. The debate with Mr. Thomas Cooper, on "Christianity," is likely to be held in the neighborhood of Leeds.

At the Alms-house in Dartmouth, Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, were united in the bonds of wedlock Mr. Cornelius Ellis and Mrs. Deborah Grinnell, the united age of the youthful couple being 169 years—the bridegroom being 90 and the bride 79 years of age. A turkey supper was given in honor of the worthy pair by Adam Bennett, Esq., the keeper of the institution, in which a large number of invited guests partook, and the evening passed off very agreeably until a late hour, when the party adjourned, wishing the happy pair a long life together, and that they might have children's children clinging around them in their old age.

The editor of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says he is well acquainted with the parties to the Chicago scandal, and expresses the belief that "Mrs. Burch is innocent of the grave charges so widely circulated." Her influential and powerful friends would never permit this case to go to trial, as they are determined to do, unless they had reason to be convinced of her innocence. They will succeed in vindicating the innocence of a woman who, perhaps, was too gay, but, we trust, not erring.

The Boston *Gazette* learns that Dr. Huntington's resignation has been accepted, and his connection with Harvard College will cease at an early day.

A singular lawsuit is going on in London, a gentleman having sued a confectioner for putting too many portraits of Mr. Spurgeon upon a supply of bonbons he had ordered. He had ordered the lids of the bonbons ornamented with portraits of celebrated living personages, and the confectioner had put five Spurgeons in each dozen. The plaintiff had no objection to a fair proportion of Spurgeon in his sweetmeats, but he thought five out of every twelve was more Spurgeon than he or his guests could stand. The case was adjourned in order to obtain information as to the list of portraits from which the confectioner selected.

The *Herald of Progress*, by Andrew Jackson Davis: a new Weekly, which, replacing the *Spiritual Telegraph*, has reached this week its third number, in which we find the following:

CONJUGAL PARTNER WANTED.—REFORM LADIES, under thirty, with dark eyes and plump forms, please address B. R., Coventry, R. I. N. B.—Correspondence confidential. Good references given.

Countess Danner, the Copenhagen milliner, who became the wife of the present King of Denmark, has become so obnoxious that the ladies of the "best society" leave the house as soon as she enters her box in the opera.

The man whose wife caught a package of $250 in money from him and threw it out of the railroad car window, thinking it was a paper of tobacco which he intended to take out, was a lawyer of Boston and did not find his money again. Rather expensive—that "playful" toss.

Judge Dwight holding County Court in Cayuga, N. Y., last week, adjourned the hearing of a suit from Friday to Monday, upon the representation of a juror, that being a Seventh Day Baptist he could not conscientiously do juror duty on Saturday.

Elijah Cowles, of Hadley, Mass., has been made to pay $958 to Mary E. Russell, of Pelham, for promising to have her, and then sneaking away. She sued for 6500.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ingersoll, Attorney-General of Maine, died last week at Bangor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PROBABLE SETTLEMENT OF THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY.

THE London *Star* says it has reason to believe that the Government are in possession of recent intelligence from Pekin, by way of St. Petersburg, to the effect that the Emperor of China is disposed to make every reasonable concession for the purpose of averting further hostilities, and that, if these pacific dispositions are met in an honorable spirit by England, all further contest may be avoided.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A Liverpool journal says: "It is contemplated by the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to attempt, in the course of the ensuing summer, to raise the injured portion of the Atlantic cable, in order to remedy the defective portion, and to bring it into working order."

THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT.

The London *News*, of the 16th ultimo, says: "Mr. Heenan, the American pugilist, better known in the professional world as the 'Benicia Boy,' has located himself at East Harnham, adjoining the city of Salisbury, where he is undergoing the necessary training for the forthcoming contest with Sayers for the championship of England."

FRANCE.

GRAVE LOOK OF AFFAIRS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In France affairs wear a grave look. The protectionists are doing all in their power to defeat the accomplishment of the new custom measures, but the Emperor has evinced so great a determination to carry out his present policy that the machinations of the few against the interests of the many have been, up to the present time, harmless. The protectionists were made to understand that any attempt at producing, by their misrepresentations, acts of violence on the part of the working classes, would be dealt with in a most severe and summary manner. The result has been a cessation of all rumors of insurrection or insubordination among the operatives. In the mean while the treaty has been published, and the public enabled to judge for itself that the interests of all parties were cared for therein. A consequent reaction, even among many of the hitherto violent protectionists, has taken place, and the Government may now count upon an easy transition into wiser and more liberal commercial relations with all the world, should not the unprincipled and absurd policy of the conservative faction of England succeed in overthrowing a treaty that is but the forerunner of similar treaties with all other commercial nations.

"I said that in France affairs wore a grave look. I refer thereby to the machinations of the clergy, who are instigated in their opposition by no less a personage than his Holiness, the should-be meek and lowly successor of St. Peter—the really *rancuneux* and fiery Pius IX. The poor man is gentle enough himself, but he no longer has any control over his own actions. He is the *ame damnée* of Antonelli, who urges him on to acts of violence and exhibitions of rage that injure deeply the cause of the Church. Each day the ranks of the papal army are swelling, and each day the conflict grows more and more imminent between these ruthless mercenaries and the people of Romagna."

THE QUESTION OF SAVOY.

The London *Morning Post* contains the following important paragraph:

"This question no longer adds to the complications of Europe. It arose out of circumstances not within the control of France. The Emperor Napoleon had foreseen and urged a Confederation in Italy. The course of events pointed in the direction of an Italian kingdom. In such an event it was obvious that great inconvenience would arise from the French slopes of the Alps being a portion of that kingdom; hence the suggestion for the cession of Savoy. The French Government has now, however, expressed its willingness to defer to the decision that may be arrived at by the great Powers of Europe on the question, and all fear of collision may therefore be considered as definitely obviated."

THE EMPEROR ON SKATES.

He adds: "Allow me, ere closing my letter, to announce to your readers that the Emperor is quite well; that he eats, sleeps, and takes his usual outdoor exercise, and that no fearful mysterious malady troubles him, the sensation-writers to the contrary notwithstanding. I had the pleasure of skating yesterday near his Majesty, and observed that he was gay, and cut his circles and went backward and forward just as though he never had had extraordinary spinal diseases or fearful Solferino visions, while his elasticity routed all ideas of secret mail shirts and hidden armor. The Empress and Prince Imperial are also in excellent health."

ITALY.

PROBABLE WHOLESALE EXCOMMUNICATION.

A letter from Rome in the *Nord* says: "Violent measures are said to be in contemplation here among the highest personages in the Government. The first would be the excommunication of the King of Sardinia and of the sovereigns who may assist him; next, the placing of their kingdoms under interdict; then, the convocation by the Pope of a general council to examine the question whether or not the fall of the temporal power of the Popes may not be ascribed to the imprudent concessions made by the Holy See in concordats, and whether those concessions ought not to be retracted as contrary to the principles of the Church. Such are the wild projects put forward by ultramontanism.

NEW CONVULSIONS.

At latest accounts there were rumors that Victor Emanuel had issued an address urging Naples and Sicily to an insurrection. The Piedmont armaments were being accelerated. A Congregation at the Vatican had decided against excommunicating the King of Sardinia, no matter what political events might supervene.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT ROME.

The Editorial Correspondence of the New York *Albion*, dated at Rome, gives the following interesting account of the works of American artists:

"With a facility of adaptation that seems to be the peculiar gift of my Western friends, Miss Stebins has taken her place suddenly among sculptors, and promises to earn rapidly for herself an enviable reputation. It might have been rashness, it might have been the inward consciousness of strength, that prompted her to launch at once upon a career. Many have tried to dispense with training and instruction, and have miserably failed. It will be—it is, otherwise with this lady. Untutored, unpracticed, she commenced modeling and chiseling, and has already executed in marble a pair of statuettes, twenty-eight inches in height, for Mr. Hecksher, of New York, which will be greatly admired when they are seen. The one is a sailor, the other a miner, intended to typify the industrial energies of the United States. Done to order, the order entailed uncommon difficulties. They were to be in the ordinary costumes of our day; and, being intended for specific and narrow niches in a private residence, are of necessity constrained in action. Leading sculptors decline positively to sanction the innovating process, which declares that men and things may be represented as they really are, in the material which the mind habitually associates with every thing and any thing save reality. Mr. Gibson would not undertake, at any price, the figure of a gentleman, garbed as gentlemen generally are in the year of grace 1859. Not so Miss Stebbins. She has accepted the task, and has thoroughly well succeeded in showing that it was not a hopeless one."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

At latest dates Marshal O'Donnell was actively engaged in forwarding the war preparations and in reconnoitering the country surrounding Tetuan. He had received eleven delegates sent by Muley Abbas to ask on what conditions peace would be re-established. Marshal O'Donnell replied that the Queen alone had the right to fix the conditions of peace. He had, however, sent a messenger to Madrid on the subject.

The public spirit in Spain was warlike.

A Madrid telegram of the 16th says that General Uhtariz had left for Tetuan, as bearer of the conditions upon which peace will be granted.

The *Correspondenz Autagrafa* believes the war will continue.

MEXICO.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

Advices from Northern Mexico, received *via* Galveston, report that Carvajal is seeking American aid for Juarez.

It is also reported that Miramon has ordered Cortina to hold out until March, when he would receive reinforcements.

WEST INDIES.

FIRE AT BARBADOES.

A very destructive fire occurred in Bridgetown, Barbadoes, on the 13th ult. The flames broke out in a lumber-yard near High Street, and spread over to Nelson Square, consuming many dwellings, stores, and public buildings. The loss is estimated at $2,500,000. Messrs. Griffith and Jaffray, commission merchants, having houses both in Bridgetown and New York, were entirely burned out during the conflagration, but they are fully covered by insurance. G. and S. Shock were fully covered by insurance in a highly respectable London company, and all their constituents abroad would have their interests included. Flour rated at $6 45 to $7 in Bridgetown.

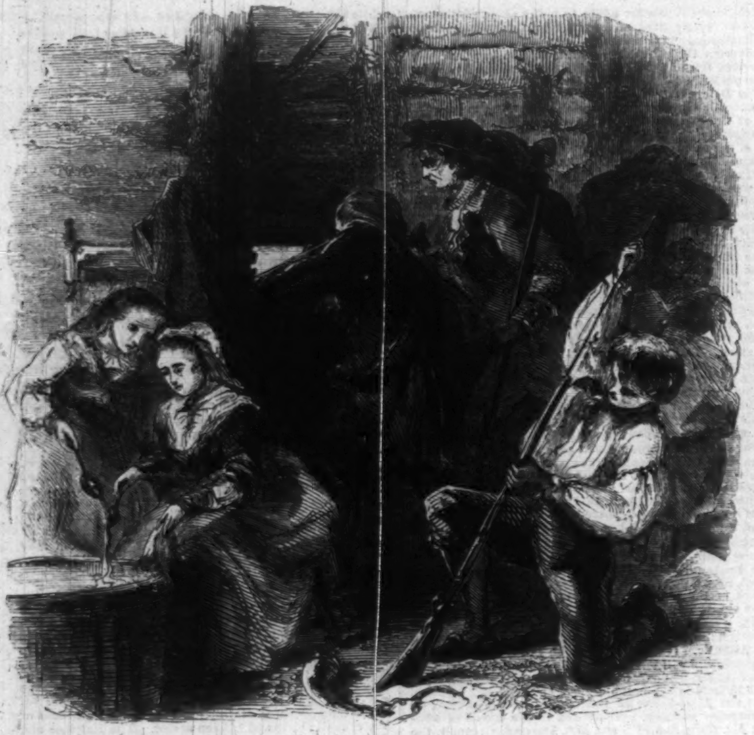
NOVA SCOTIA.

THE LATEST FROM THE "HUNGARIAN."

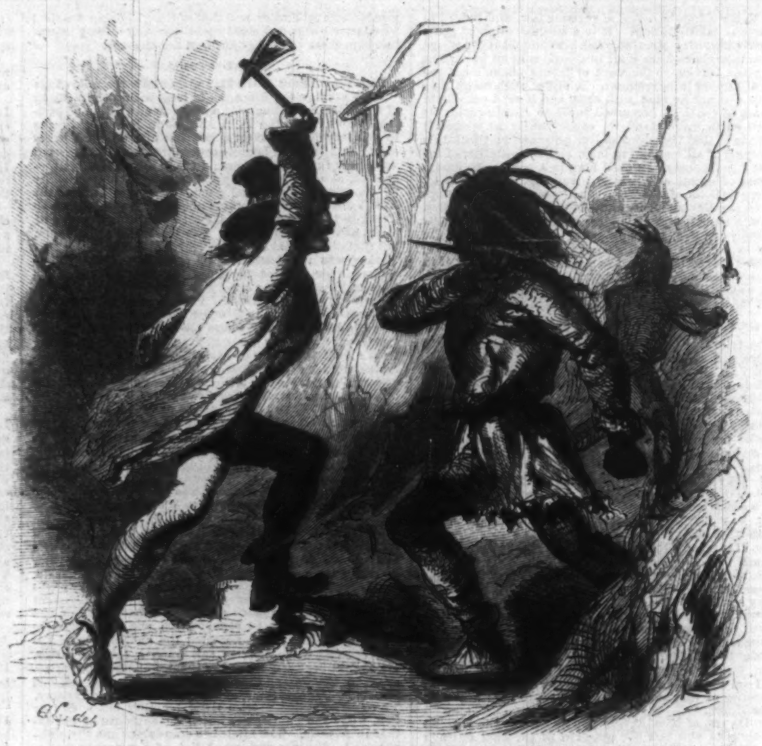
The steamship *Hungarian* is advertised to be sold at Barrington on the 23d instant, for salvage.

The body of another man, supposed to have been a passenger, has been found. Two of his teeth were filled, one with silver and the other with gold. The body was buried.

The books and letters of Clement B. Barrett, M.D., of New York, and the portrait of his daughter Ada, have also been found; also the letters of G. Banscomb, of Brighton, England, and of Martin Downs, of Dublin.



"FOR WHILE THEY THE HOUSE WERE HOLDING, BALLS THE WIVES WERE FASTLY MOULDING."



"HUGE HE WAS AND BRAVE AND BRAWNY, BUT I MET THE SLAYER TAWNY."

THE SACK OF DEERFIELD, MARCH, 1704,

A BALLAD OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Of the onset fear-inspiring, and the firing and the pillage
Of our village, when De Rouville with his forces on us fell,
When, ere dawning of the morning, with no death-portending warning,
With no token shown or spoken, came the foemen, hear me tell.

High against the palisadoes, on the meadows, banks, and hill-sides,
At the rill-sides, over fences, lay the lingering winter snow;
And, so high by tempest rifted, at our pickets it was drifted,
That its frozen crust was chosen as a bridge to bear the foe.

We had set at night a sentry, lest an entry, while the sombre,
Heavy slumber was upon us, by the Frenchman should be made;
But the faithless knave we posted, though of wakefulness he boasted,
'Stead of keeping watch was sleeping, and our solemn trust betrayed.

Than our slumber none profounder; never sounder fell on sleeper,
Never deeper sleep its shadow cast on dull and listless frames;
But it flew before the crashing of the portals, and the flashing
And the soaring and the roaring and the crackling of the flames.

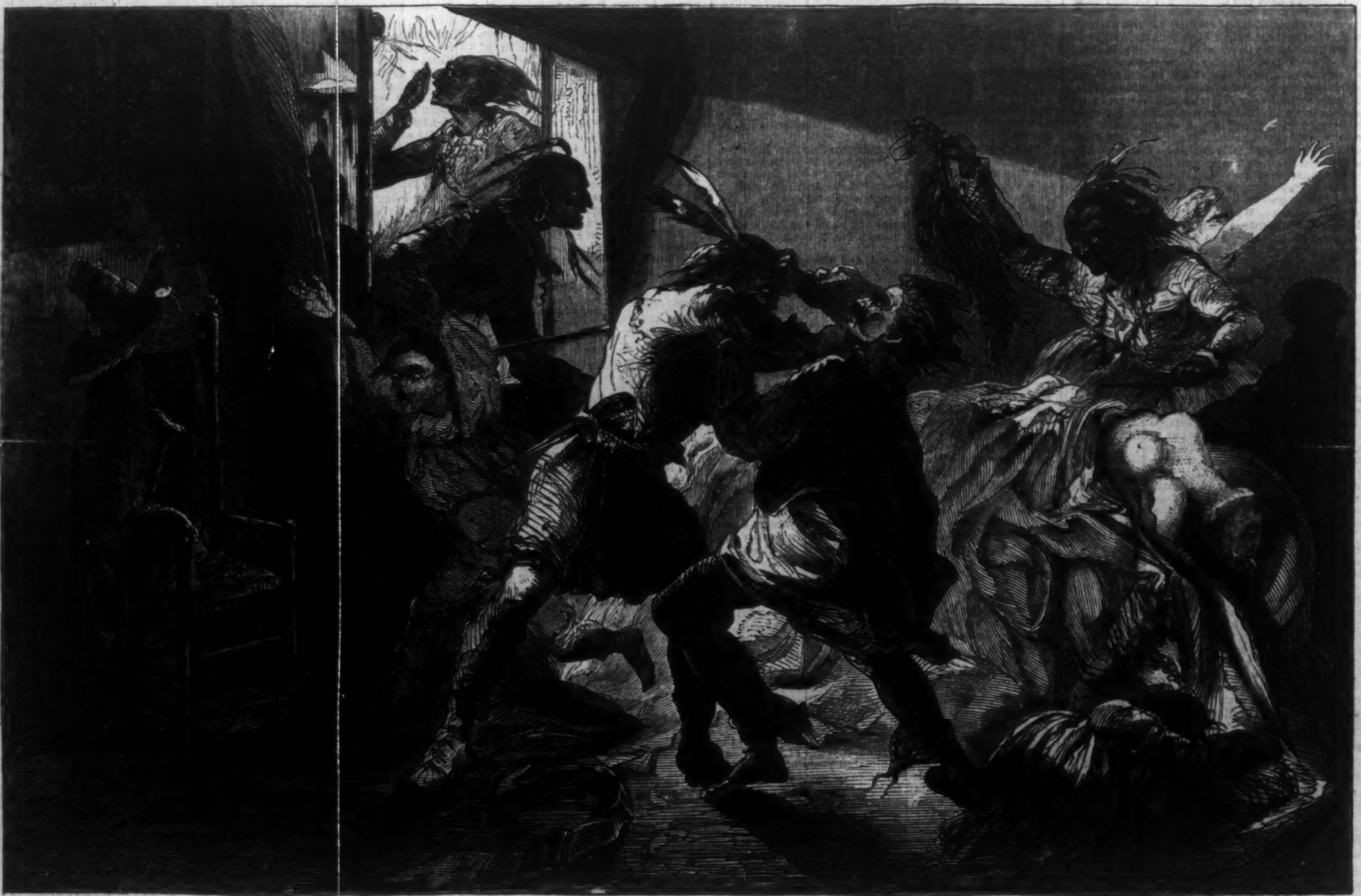
Fell the shining hatchets quickly 'mid the thickly-crowded women,
Growing dim in crimson currents from the pulses of the brain;
Rained the balls from firelocks deadly, till the melted snow ran redly
With the glowing torrent, flowing from the bodies of the slain.

I, from pleasant dreams awaking at the breaking of my casement,
With amazement saw the foemen quickly enter where I lay;
Heard my wife and children's screaming, as the hatchets woke their dreaming,
Heard their groaning and their moaning as their spirits passed away.

'Twas in vain I struggled madly as the sadly-sounding pleading,
Of my bleeding, dying darlings fell upon my tortured ears;
'Twas in vain I wrestled, raging, fight against their numbers waging,
Crowding round me there, they bound me, while my manhood sank in tears.

At the spot to which they bore me, no one o'er me watched or warded;
There unguarded, bound and shivering, on the snow I lay alone;
Watching by the firelight ruddy, as the butchers dark and bloody,
Slew the nearest friends and dearest to my memory ever known.

And it seemed as rose the roaring blaze, up soaring, redly streaming
O'er the gleaming snow around me through the shadows of the night,
That the figures flitting fastly were the fiends at revels ghastly,
Madly urging on the surging, seething billows of the fight.



"FELL THE SHINING HATCHETS QUICKLY 'MID THE THICKLY-CROWDED WOMEN."

Then I felt, though horror-stricken, pulses quicken as the swarthy
Savage, or the savage Frenchman, fiercest of the cruel band,
Darted in and out the shadows, through the shivered palisadoes,
Death-blows dealing with unfeeling heart, and never-sparing hand.

Soon the sense of horror left me, and bereft me of all feeling;
Soon, revealing all my early golden moments, memory came;
Showing how when young and sprightly, with a footstep falling lightly,
I had pondered as I wandered on the maid I loved to name.

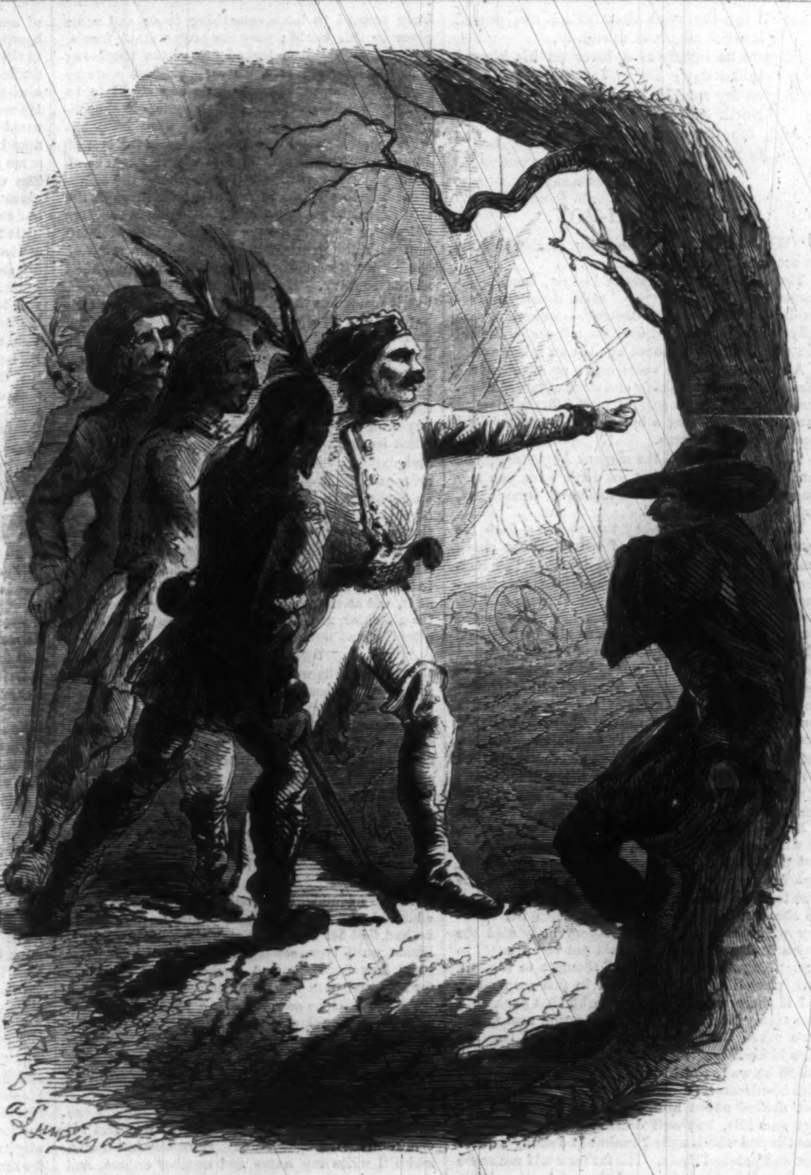
Her, so young, so pure, so dovelike, that the lovelike angels whom a
Sweet aroma circles ever wheresoe'er they wave their wings,
Felt with her the air grow sweeter, felt with her their joy completer,
Felt their gladness swell to madness, silent grow their silver strings.

Then I heard her voice's murmur breathing summer, while my spirit
Leaned to hear it and to drink it like a draught of pleasant wine;
Felt her head upon my shoulder drooping as my love I told her,
Felt the utterly-pleased flutter of her heart respond to mine.

Then I saw our darlings clearly that more nearly linked our gladness;
Saw our sadness as a lost one sank from pain to happy rest;
Mingled tears with hers and chid her, bade her by our love consider
How our dearest now was nearest to the blessed Master's breast.

I had lost that wife so cherished, who had perished, pass'd from being,
In my seeing—I, unable to protect her or defend;
At that thought dispersed those fancies, born of woe-begotten trances,
While unto me came the gloomy present hour my heart to rend.

For I heard the firelocks ringing, fiercely flinging forth the whirring,
Blood-preferring leaden bullets from a garrisoned abode;
There it stood so grim and lonely, speaking of its tenants only,
When the furious leaden couriers from its loop-holes fastly rode.


"THEN WE HEARD DE ROUVILLE'S ORDERS, 'TO THE BORDERS!'"

Suddenly my gloom was lightened, hope was heightened, though the shrieking,
Malice-wreaking, ruthless wretches, death were scattering to and fro;
For a knife lay there—I spied it, and a tomohock beside it,
Glittering brightly, buried lightly, keen edge upward, in the snow.

Naught knew I how came they thither, nor from whither; naught to me then
If the heathen dark, my captors, dropped those weapons there or no;
Quickly drawn o'er axe-edge lightly, cords were cut that held me tightly,
Then, with engines of my vengeance in my hands, I sought the foe.

Oh, what anger dark, consuming, fearful, glooming, looming, horrid,
Lit my forehead, draped my figure, leapt in fury from my glance;
'Midst the foemen rushing frantic, to their sight I seemed gigantic,
Like the motion of the ocean, like a tempest my advance.

Stoutest of them all, one savage, left the ravage round and faced me;
Fury braced me, for I knew him—he my pleading wife had slain;
Huge he was and brave and brawny, but I met the slayer tawny,
And with rigorous blow and vigorous clove his tufted skull in twain—
Madly dashing down the crashing bloody hatchet in his brain.

As I brained him rose their calling—"Lo! appalling, from yon meadow
The Monedo of the white man comes with vengeance in his train!"
As they fled, my blows Titanic falling fast increased their panic,
Till their shattered forces scattered widely o'er the snowy plain.

Stern De Rouville then their error, born of terror, soon dispersing,
Loudly cursing them for folly, roused their pride with words of scorn;
Peering cautiously they knew me, then by numbers overthrew me;
Fettered surely, bound securely, there again I lay forlorn.

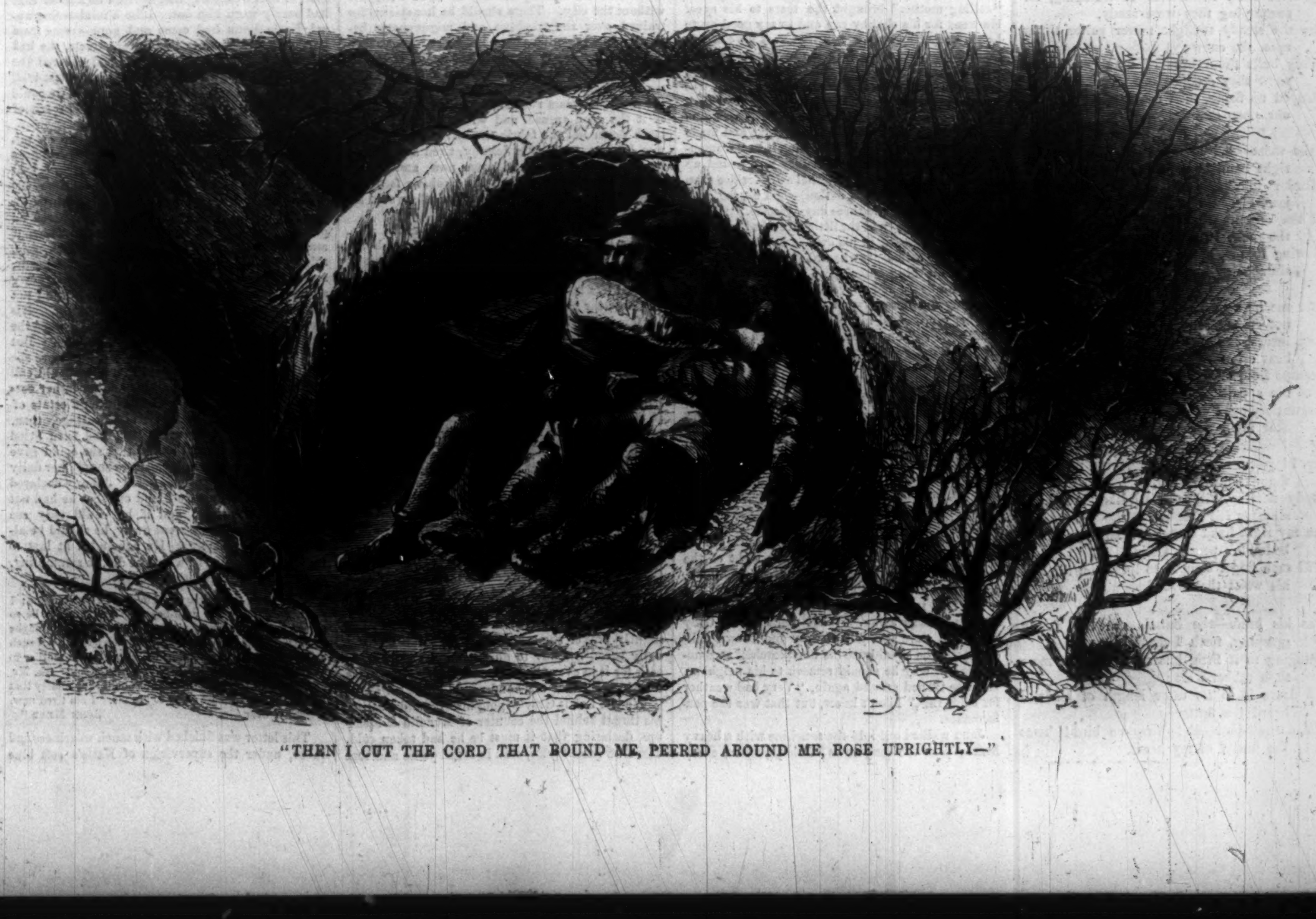
Well I knew their purpose horrid, on each forehead it was written—
Pride was smitten that their bravest had retreated at my ire;
For the rest the captives' durance, but for me there was assurance
Of the tortures known to martyrs—of the terrible death by fire.

And the seven who kept it stoutly, though devoutly triumph praying,
Ceased not slaying, trusting somewhat to their firelocks and their wives;
For while they the house were holding, balls the wives were fastly moulding—
Neither fearful, wild nor tearful, toiling earnest for their lives.

Onward rushed each dusky leaguer, hot and eager, but the seven
Rained the levin from their firelocks, as the Pagans forward pressed;
Melting at that murderous firing, back that baffled foe retiring,
Left there lying, dead or dying, ten, their bravest and their best.

Rose the red sun, straightly throwing from his glowing disk his brightness
On the whiteness of the snow-drifts and the ruins of the town—
On those houses well-defended, where the foe in vain expended
Ball and powder, standing prouder, smoke-begrimed and scarred and brown.

Not for us those rays shone fairly, tinting rarely dawning early,
With the pearly light and glistering of the March's snowy morn;
Some were wounded, some were weary, some were sullen, all were dreary,
As the sorrow of that morrow shed its cloud of woe forlorn.


"THEN I CUT THE CORD THAT BOUND ME, PEERED AROUND ME, ROSE UPRIGHTLY—"

Then we heard De Rouville's orders, "To the borders!" and the dismal,
Dark, abysmal fate before us opened widely as he spoke;
But we heard a shout in distance—into fluttering existence,
Brief but splendid, quickly ended, at the sound our hopes awoke.

'Twas our kinsmen armed and ready, sweeping steady to the nor'ward,
Pressing forward fleet and fearless, though in scanty force they came—
Cried De Rouville, grimly speaking, "Is't our captives you are seeking?
Well, with iron we environ them and wall them round with flame.

"With the toil of blood we won them and undone them with our bravery;
Off to slavery then we carry them or leave them lifeless here.
Foul my shame so far to wander and my soldiers' blood to squander
'Mid the slaughter free as water, should our prey escape us clear.

"Off, ye scum of peasants Saxon, and your backs on Frenchmen turning,
To our burning, dauntless courage proper tribute promptly pay;
Do you come to seize and beat us? Are you here to slay and eat us?
If your meat be Gaul and Mohawk, we will starve you out to-day."

How my spirit raged to hear him, standing near him bound and helpless!
Never whelpless tigress fiercer howled at slayer of her young,
When secure behind his engines, he has baffled her of vengeance,
Than did I there, forced to lie there while his bitter taunts he flung.

For I heard each leaden missile whirr and whistle from the trusty
Firelock rusty, brought there after long-time absence from the strife,
And was forced to stand in quiet with my warm blood running riot,
When for power to give an hour to battle I had bartered life.

All in vain they thus had striven; backward driven, beat and broken,
Leaving token of their coming in the dead around the dell,
They retreated—well that served us! their retreat from death preserved us,
Though the order for our murder from the dark De Rouville fell.

As we left our homes in ashes, through the lashes of the sternest,
Welled the earnest tears of anguish for the dear ones passed away;
Sick at heart and heavily loaded, though with cruel blows they goaded,
Sorely cumbered, miles we numbered four alone that weary day.

They were tired themselves of tramping, for encamping they were ready,
Ere the steady twilight newer paller threw upon the snow;
So they built them huts of branches, in the snow they scooped out trenches,
Heaped up firing, then retiring, let us sleep our sleep of woe.

By the wrist—and by no light hand—to the right hand of a painted,
Murder-tainted, loathsome Pagan, with a jeer, I soon was tied;
And the one to whom they bound me, 'mid the scoffs of those around me,
Bowing to me, mocking, drew me down to slumber at his side.

As for me be sure I slept not: slumber crept not on my senses;
Less intense is lovers' musing than a captive's bent on ways
To escape from fearful thralling and a death by fire appalling;
So, unsleeping, I was keeping on the Northern Star my gaze.

There I lay—no muscle stirring, mind unerring, thought unswerving,
Body nerving, till a death-like, breathless slumber fell around;
Then my right hand cautious stealing, o'er my bedmate's person feeling,
Till each finger stooped to linger on the belt his waist that bound.

'Twas his knife—the handle clasping, firmly grasping, forth I drew it,
Clinging to it firm, but softly, with a more than robber's art;
As I drove it to its utter length of blade, I heard the flutter
Of a snow-bird—ah! 'twas *no* bird! 'twas the flutter of my heart.

Then I cut the cord that bound me, peered around me, rose uprightly,
Stepped as lightly as a lover on his blessed bridal day;
Swiftly as my need inclined me, kept the bright North Star behind me,
And, ere dawning of the morning, I was twenty miles away.

THE CASH-BOY.

"WELL, John, you can tell your mother that we do not want you any longer."

Thus spoke Mr. Augustus Ledger, head book-keeper and prospective "Co." of the Broadway dry-goods firm of Muzzlin & Measure—meantime carefully arranging the curl over the left ear by the aid of a small mirror balanced against an inkstand.

A plaintive, scared voice came up through the bars of the desk, speaking one word of incredulousness—"Sir?" and a pair of pitiful little chapped hands fell to twirling a button on the shabby coat from pure nervousness.

"I say," continued the elegant Augustus, "you can tell your mother that we don't want you any longer. That *porte-monnaie* has never been found, and we can't trust you."

The poor little cash-boy turned away from his harsh judge with a spot of red on either cheek that told how he had felt the insult. The incident referred to was the mysterious disappearance of a pocket-book that Mrs. Velours had declared to have been stolen from her while in the store. She was positive where she had laid it while deciding upon the merits of some laces, and positive too that the little "light-haired boy" was the only creature near it. Three days had passed since then, and no traces of the missing article came to hand; and the exquisite Augustus declared that "it would not do to have such a shabby-looking boy about them any way," and he coolly crushed out hope in the boy's heart in those cruel words of which the most bitter were those, "You can tell your mother."

Mr. Ledger was a widower—had laid in a grave, to which she gladly went, a fair-haired wife. He had fancied her beauty once, but soon tired of it, and his restless, vacillating nature could not be true to any thing but his own supreme selfishness. So she had died one spring day when her baby-boy was three weeks old. Every body said she was a frail creature, and could not be expected to live. Augustus said so, and thought to himself how irresistible he should look in full mourning; and if there ever came a thought that perhaps a true manly heart and gentle protecting arm might have saved the poor flower, he banished it. He gave himself credit for being a "real good fellow," and so he was good to himself. His son grew up with hired nurses: and among any chance influences that drifted about him. He too was a "cash," pert and idle, but well dressed and graceful—he was the one who laughed loudest at Johnny's queer coat and patched boots. His father could not spare the time from his ledger and the cultivation of his mustache to remind him of any of those old-fashioned ideas about the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, or the glorious hope of the world to come. "To be sure," he thought, "all that was well enough for women;" "but—" And he would shrug his shoulders, and try to think of something else. There were times that *would* come to him when the echo of his dead wife's prayers came like a far-off sound of solemn music; but the orchestra of the theatre soon drove it away. Such was Augustus Ledger, widower, head book-keeper, and prospective "Co."

John was a little fellow, and this was his first start in life, so it was not strange the thought of "telling mother" brought the tears to his eyes. He went for his shabby cap and to say good-by to Lewis Grey, the only one in that vast hive of humanity who had stepped in the mad race for preferment to care for a poor little weed struggling for life on the borders of the highway. He it was who had slyly slipped a stray dime now and then in the boy's hand for his mother; he it was who had defended him when Junius Ledger had made fun of the merino coat, stigmatizing it as "woman-made" (that coat in whose history was bound up more of real pathos and maternal self-sacrifice than in many a moving tale of fiction)—and he, too, who had interceded for the three days' respite. "Good-by, Mister Grey;" and the little thin hand trembled as Lewis grasped it in his own. Lewis was what every body called "awkward;" he never knew how to do a thing gracefully; couldn't dance better than a bear; and above all, couldn't endure to have any one know how soft-hearted he really was. If a beggar crossed his path he would answer her gruffly "No;" and then, perhaps, turn back two blocks to bestow a gratuity, and hurry off again before she could say "Thank you." He was not handsome either. To be sure he had good broad shoulders and a shock of brown hair, and honest brown eyes that were not afraid to look at you; but his mouth was wide, his nose nothing to speak of, and his complexion not to be compared to the pink and white that appeared in the face of Augustus Ledger. He started as the feverish thin hand was laid in his own, and his first impulse was to catch the little fellow in his arms and fight somebody he didn't know who; his second thought was, that that course wouldn't be best: so he only said, almost gruffly, to cover his feelings at the sight of the frail boy's figure before him, "Good-by, John, don't give up the ship;" and then he wheeled straight round and turned his back to him, and Johnny quietly walked away. What made Lewis Grey stand and stare at a pile of gray and brown calicoes—why he should use his handkerchief so sonorously—or why he should remark to his neighbor, when he turned around again, "Very bad weather for colds this," I don't know, but that was the performance.

John walked out into the sunshine with a heavy heart; past the long rows of shops, where every body seemed to have something to do and some place in this world; past the brown stone fronts, where rosy children looked out of the windows; past the long markets, where provisions were so plenty it seemed as though no one ought to be hungry in the world; and past the quiet old church-yard, where, long ago, the dead were laid, but where, now, the sod was unbroken from the first of summer sunshine until the last whirling leaves of autumn played at hide-and-seek among the tombstones. He stopped to rest and look through the iron fence at this quiet spot. A daisy, a real live daisy, grew within his reach, and as it bent toward him with the gentle wind it put him in mind of the days "when father was alive," and they lived in the country. He was thirteen years old now, but it seemed as though ages had passed since that happy time two years before, and the boy sighed wearily. The daisy kept nodding and nodding to him, as much as to re-echo Lewis Grey's words, "Don't give up the ship." Then, in a fit of childishness, he began to talk to the daisy. "Oh yes, it's very well for you to be so jolly: you don't have any trouble—we *folks* have to *pay* for being alive, when we don't care about being alive a single bit; and, daisy! you ain't tired either; your back don't ache as mine does, I know, or you wouldn't keep on bowing so; and nobody is ugly to you." As he spoke there came a great gust of wind around the corner, and, sweeping all before it, laid the flower down low in the grass. In a moment the breeze had passed, and then it was up again and nodding to John as merry as ever. He couldn't but smile at it, and at the same moment felt a light touch on his shoulder, and, turning, saw a young girl with a bundle and some books in her hand.

"Well, my little friend," said she, in the gentlest voice in the world, "don't you see how patient the daisy is!" and she smiled kindly as he looked up in her face. "I heard you talking just now, and I wondered whether you thought that God put you and the daisy both in this world because he had something for you each to do?" and her kind dark eyes looked inquiringly at the small grumbler. He rose from the stone coping where he had been sitting, and answered, frankly,

"Oh yes, Miss, I know—mother tells me such things, and sometimes I try to feel right, but I have felt pretty bad to-day. I am not very well nowadays."

A boy's confidence is easily won, and as he walked beside Miss Katie Bonn, before he was aware he had told her of his mother's struggles for a livelihood until now, sewing gladly for the smallest pay; how hard she had worked to get the place for him, and to fit him up for it. "And now," said he, "she will be so sorry about it—to think that any body should call me a thief;" and here the trembling lip quivered too much to form the words. Sweet Katie Bonn! she listened till her own blue eyes were filling up too; but she put her hand on the boy's shoulder and said, cheerily,

"Keep up your courage, Johnny; I think I can get some sewing for your mother to do; and I'll come and see her to-morrow. Here are some tracts, and I'll write my name and number on one, and then you can come to bring home work sometimes. Good-by. I am going up home now."

The widow Mead had just finished her household work. The poor room was as bright as cleanliness could make it; the striped rag carpet was unlittered by a shred; through the open closet door the few dishes were shining and orderly; the single brass candlestick was bright as gold, and the bed-covering was clean and trim. The widow had just seated herself to mend Johnny's stockings, and many a modest little bit of an air-castle was woven as well as the heel of the well-worn stockings; Johnny would get to be a clerk by-and-by, and then rise to be a "Co.," and then they would have a home in the country Johnny loved so well, just without the city. There should be honey-suckles trained over the windows and mignonnette beneath; there should be big bursting red roses every where, and a shady porch in the midst of them; and Johnny would be grown so tall and stout, and wear such nice coats and boots, and—and—so was the pleasant dream running on, when in the midst of it the door opened, and with the sound of its latch down fell the fabric she had built, for there was Johnny, poor little Johnny, tired and sick at heart. The tears would come now, and he sat down on the little stool at his mother's feet and cried bitterly, telling her as well as sobs would allow his trial and disgrace.

"Oh, mother! I can't stand it—I can't! Mr. Ledger is too bad; he knows I didn't touch the money; and I do believe his own boy, Jim, took it. You need not shake your head, mother, I *do;* he has had lots lately."

"My dear boy," said his mother, stroking down his fair hair with caressing hand, "my dear son, don't talk so; you must not accuse another when you felt so badly about it yourself. It will be found out, I am sure, who took it; and perhaps you can get another place soon; I am sure God will help us, if we trust in him and try to do right. It is pretty hard to forgive Mr. Ledger; but we ought to try to do it, and maybe he will be sorry himself."

Then she wiped his eyes and talked cheery and hopefully, though she knew what he did not, that the failure of his petty salary was starvation to them. She brought him some bread—the last loaf—and a little drink of milk, and sighed as she saw how weak and pale he looked. Poverty was coming pretty close now. She could get no work, and the few pence that were due for the last piece were all that she could depend upon for food for the morrow. But with the trusting faith of a true Christian she meant what she said, when in her nightly prayer she asked, "Give us this day our daily bread"—ready to go out on the morrow to seek for it in every honest and laborious way; but trusting still that His hand would guide her steps.

We left Lewis Grey wiping his eyes and clearing his throat behind the counter of Muzzlin & Measure, declaring that it must be he had taken cold. The slim little figure, clad in faded pants and coat of uncouth cut, the drooping eyes and hot hands haunted him; and Lewis was desperately vexed to think that he had let the boy go home without finding where he lived. "By George!" said he to himself, "I don't believe he has enough to eat." He would fain have started off in hot pursuit in his usual helter-skelter manner, but a fat dowager demanded his undivided attention while she selected some sort of a "popolorum" fabric as he called it. She was dispatched at last well satisfied, and her place was taken by a fair young girl, no other than our sweet friend Katie Bonn, who, after leaving our little friend, bent thither her steps. She had been at the store several times before, and Lewis always blushed tremendously when she appeared. Her graceful form and movements seemed something wonderful to him, who never knew what to do with his hands and feet; her quiet womanly self-possession, a marvel he could not sufficiently admire. He had found out, in a roundabout blundering way, too, that she was "Miss Bonn;" that her father was of the great and mighty firm of "Bonn & Bonn;" and, moreover, that Augustus Ledger was thinking, in the most sublime assurance of success, that perhaps he might as well make up his mind to sacrifice his elegant self in consideration of the sum which might reasonably belong to "Old Bonn's" only daughter. Old Bonn's daughter had no idea of such a thing. She laughed a little to herself as she saw his growing devotion, and thought that there wouldn't really be any harm in bringing him to her feet, just to tell him "No, I thank you." Lewis was as dexterous in handling the silk as he could be; but nevertheless the folds would get turned in the most aggravating manner, and finally he managed to push a piece in her lap. Then he had to apologize, and as the little woman laughed merrily and returned it with quiet grace, he felt as though his collar wasn't half white enough, as though his hair wasn't brushed right; in fact, as though he wasn't worthy to stand before her at all.

She was thinking what a great, manly-looking person he was, and what good, honest eyes he had, and speculating whether, if he married at all, it would be for money or love. He didn't know all this, and was rather relieved when she turned away to purchase something out of his department. Then he remembered too the discarded cash-boy, and started in a hurry to look for him.

As he passed out Katie heard one of the clerks say, "There goes Grey. He'll chase a dozen blocks after that cash-boy, I bet you!" In a moment it flashed through Katie's mind that this must be Lewis Grey—no other than the kind friend that little John loved so well. She stopped to think about it all so long that the clerk was obliged to recall her.

"Would this suit?"

"Oh no! please not that, something heavier." The fair hands were turning over coarse muslins and flannels, for she "remembered the poor," and, blessed with riches herself, blessed others in return. She hired poor women to make garments that were to clothe the helpless and needy. She paid liberally, and in many a poor home they thanked God for sending her to them in their times of destitution. And yet no noisy charity movement ever originated with Katie Bonn. The cloth was purchased, and as she passed Augustus she looked so sweet and womanly that he made up his mind to secure her at once. One hundred thousand dollars—sweet face, little Methodistical—break her of that soon—um, ah, yes, would do very well.

Three weeks had slipped away with its burden of joy and sorrow, cares and hopes. The sun of July was reflected back from the hot flag-stones and glorious brick of the city—the noisome odors came up from reeking streets, even to the windows as high up as the room where Johnny Mead lay ill. Yes, he was very ill. The excitement and grief of that weary day had hurried on a fever that had nearly worn him out. Like a ministering angel, Katie Bonn had come and gone—come from her luxurious home to these poor streets, she had given food and wine and work, had cheered the poor mother, and helped her bear this saddest trial of all. Ah, what a blessing to be rich, if we could only have the sweet charity and humble spirit of this young girl!

The boy's eyes brighten as, propped up on pillows, he waits her coming—listens for her footsteps on the creaking stairs. Ah, she is here! Her bright face appears at his bedside, and her soft voice speaks: "How is my little friend? See, I have brought you some real country flowers that I gathered on purpose for you yesterday when I was out of town;" and she put in his hand a bunch of roses, syringia, thickly interspersed with butter-cups, clover-heads, and daisies. How he held them all, cool and dewy as they were, to his hot cheek and lip—it did not need that he should thank her otherwise. His mother's eyes were full of tears as she thanked the kind friend God had raised up for them. But Katie had better things still in store, for before she left them it was all arranged that she should call and take the sick child and his mother in her carriage out to the vicinity of her father's estate of Clover Lawn. A little bit of a cottage, then, through Katie's instrumentality, had been fitted up for them, and she thought that she could give Mrs. Mead enough employment to supply her daily wants. What a happy prospect! Johnny declared that if it could only be found out that he had not committed the theft, and if he could only see Lewis Grey before he went away, he should be almost perfectly happy. He concluded at last to write a note to Lewis, which he did, in scrambling, unformed characters, thus:

> "MR. GREY,—I hope you have not forgotten me; I am little Johnny the cash-boy that you used to be so clever to. I am pretty sick—the Dr. says that maybe the country air will do me good; and oh! I have got such a kind friend—she is going to take me and mother to Clover-land, or some such name, next week. Oh, Mr. Grey! hasn't any body found out about that money that I didn't take? Please come to see me. I am tired now. Good-by, dear Sir,
> JOHN MEAD."

This letter was finished with much weariness and labor, under the supervision of Katie's soft blue eyes, and her practical thoughtfulness added what he had forgotten, the number and street, and as Johnny was too tired to finish the superscription, it was written in her own fair round hand, and posted on her way home, and not a day passed after that without Lewis's kindly face. A week more and again we are at Johnny's bedside. Gone now are all the hopes of health or life. With bowed head and form, the mother looks at the child she loves as he lies so faint and white. The doctor stands beside him; but in his pitying eye there is no ray of hope.

The window is wide open, and the sounds of busy life come up from the street below, dimly, and as though they came not from the same world as this within the sick chamber. Katie is there, watching every movement, proffering the iced drinks, changing the pillows, and praying in her heart that He who doeth all things well would comfort the mother. Now and then the boy's mind would wander off among the scenes he had loved; and then, like a cloud, would come the great sorrow, and the stoutest heart would have melted to hear those pitiful, wandering, and troubled thoughts.

"Oh! I never stole—oh no, no, never. I didn't see the money; did you, Jimmy? Now I must tell mother—she will be so sorry:" then, changing his fancies, his eye would light up as he said, "'The daisies,' 'the daisies,' they are calling me. Mother, I must go; the daisies, they are calling me to stay with them." Then a moan—and a few moments of calm and untroubled sleep.

All held their breath as the sick child slept; and when a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Lewis Grey, who seemed eager to speak some good tidings, Katie laid her finger on her lip and pointed to the bed. The noise of his entrance, however, awoke him, and he had become calmed and conscious in this interval. He held out his hand to Lewis, who sat beside him. Lewis began to speak to him, but the words choked him, and he whispered to Miss Katie to tell him that the thief had been discovered to be Jimmy Ledger, and that every body knew now that John was true. Johnny held out his arms, and with the one word, "Mother!" called her to lay her head beside him; then, with a face of perfect peace, he began to make his childish preparation for that better land.

"Good-by, Mr. Grey, you have been very good to me, and I hope I shall know you when you get to heaven.

"Miss Katie, I should like you to plant a few daisies on my grave."

On the parting words between mother and son we will not intrude; of the child's hope through Him who blessed little children, we may speak; of the simple prayer that cheered him as he was "going to the daisies," when, with the eyes raised, the weak voice whispered, "Now I lay me down to sleep." It was no shame to Lewis Grey's manhood that he cried like a child; for his guardian angel was by him, then unseen, to bid him look to that Saviour that carried this sufferer so gently down the dark valley. A few more murmurings, a few faint sobbing breaths, and the Cash-boy had closed his account.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars" a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may own up now) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the embryonic colonel or general within.

Toward the middle of the forenoon an Irishwoman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she, not having the respect for the military which others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am, or *was*, a Democrat. The woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young babe of some six or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and uncadetish weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

At noon the train stopped for five minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for her a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently, when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, oh horror of horrors! *where* was *that* woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assume her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; every body was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through; I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d—l!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out streaking it like mad away from the dépôt, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on.

As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrases as, "Precious green, eh?" "Such a go!" "Looks fatherly!" etc., etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing in my arms a gripe, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped in a moment, and I looked at her. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such complacent placidity, that somehow I felt my anger dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an ineffable greeny to get saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly.

But oh, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather mow, though I never tried it.

However, to my story. Toward night my baby waked; and waked fretful and hungry, I suppose. She began to cry; a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again, curious to see what master nurse would do.

I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it upside down; no use. Baby properly despised my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the younger ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed with a knowing sort of leer, that, had not my arms been occupied, they would have had a hit straight out from the shoulder for. One motherly looking person whom I approached hopingly, transfixed me with a stony, virtuous sort of glare, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed *the* unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife, and a colored girl with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fidgeting ever since it began to cry. Can we do any thing for you?"

The lady leaned past him.

"Will you let me look at your baby, Sir, a moment?" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tones I had ever heard.

She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since that woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!" She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms, at her husband, then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of others, made room for me on the seat with their nurse.

I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally unclasped some chains that held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. She looked at them, then she said,

"I am convinced, Sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. In the first place, no mother *could* do such a thing; then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve-chains are two miniatures. See! one a gentleman with epaulets, the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means. What can be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case. If its parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread any thing. I will answer for the mother who has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that *I* exist." She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby tending that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time.

The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are full, Sir. Not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What it is to have a family in the land! "But where in the world, Mr. Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged her to take the child and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large bribe, but I was young and green.

She took the child.

"But shure an' ye're not the young gintleman that ud be afther laving ye're baby? Holy Vargin! my caracther ud be ruined intirely, intirely!" I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the same road.

"How you're grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you, I'm thinking, specially with that baby in your arms. Seems to me you're getting to be a family man a *leetle* too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to near my home I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on to the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is *this* a place—" He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting *à l'euri* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded spooney!"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I had no other steps to take.

We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned year after year I found her each time grown healthier and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me charmingly legitimate—for was she not "*My Baby?*" As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years "by flood and field."

"My Baby" wrote me, at first, often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. "*I* do so and so—*I* think so and so—*I* love so and so." But years changed her caligraphy, and, alas! the feeling of her letters. Now, in her charming girlish characters, stood, "*Your mother* does so and so;" or, "*Your sister* thinks and loves," etc.

My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdida your 'Baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarce imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious; but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt only to us. Will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state-room next mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage.

He had been absent from his country many years. "When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruelest circumstances; and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again spots that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child—sometimes, even in waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted, in spite of myself; "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"'You do not know!' did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than live lost to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet"—and he sighed heavily—"I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared my remembrance of the miniature on "My Baby's" sleeve-chain with the figure before me. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth—the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her own speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—forever as he supposed. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him; but further than that he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her charge in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdida's miniature. Not many days thereafter I restored to my friend his so-early lost child, and gave up "My Baby" to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin afore-mentioned? She hadn't had patience to wait that I might—a husband, and several olive-branches precluded that. How then?

I saw "My Baby" a stately, radiantly, beautiful woman. She called me Major ——, she treated me in the most precise and formal way—the utmost favor she bestowed upon me was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good-night or good-morning, and I saw her hourly in her idolizing father's arms lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. There was a dearer delight in the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, had for me an inexpressible sweetness that I wouldn't have bartered for aught on earth short of what I eventually obtained. What! you don't mean that you, a scarred old veteran of between thirty and forty, dared— Didn't I? Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman, at a little distance, read diligently. I said,

"Perdida! you have traveled this route before with me; do you recall this scenery at all?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly.

I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpacifiable baby I carried that day, and the way that poor Cadet's humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head.

"And the worst feature in the case is that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul, every fibre of my heart, demands something more—and a great something more. Perdida! my darling these seventeen years, I lost you to your father; but I can not bear it. Be generous. Here, here where I found "My Baby," give, O give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered not. Instead she occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me.

"Since you will be troubled," and she laid her bared hand in mine. Mine again.

Shortly after we were married. I carried Perdida during our wedding tour to the friends I had found for her and me in the cars seventeen years before; and this time right reverently I kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all.

NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER.

We publish on page 172 an engraving of another of the ingenious machines by which the earth is being made to render up her gold—a new gold-washer, patented by Mr. Nelson, of 206 William Street, New York. Mr. Nelson says of it:

> "It is intended to do a larger amount of work, and to save the fine gold, with less labor and expense, than has heretofore been done by the sluicing process. The object which I have designed to obtain is, to have a portable machine, which the miner can take apart and move about and transport with ease; and which can be moved from the earth or stone as it may accumulate to obstruct the working of the machine, and to save the expense and time of erecting long sluices. There is only required a sluice of from 40 to 50 feet in length, which is sufficient to allow the miners room to shovel the earth in. The sluice should discharge the earth and stone to the centre of the machine. It should be placed at an incline of sufficient pitch to allow the water to carry the earth and stone to the machine. The end of the sluice should be sloated, or perforated with holes, so as to allow a sheet of water to be discharged on every part of the screen; so that as the screen rotates the water comes in contact with every part of the earth on it. The spring rakes, which are hinged above the screen, as it rotates come in contact with the stone, clay, earth, etc., and keep it uniformly distributed over the surface, forcing the stones, as fast as they accumulate, over the edge—the water and earth passing through the screen into the rim pans underneath, which have stirrers back of each of the rims, to keep the earth loosened up so that the jolting motion which is given to the pans by the ball and eccentric, on the top of the machine, causes the fine gold to be deposited back of the rims and in the bottom of the pans, which without the stirrers and vertical motion would pass off with the earth and water. The amount of work which the machine is capable of doing, if rapidly worked, would be several thousand bushels per day."

Mr. Nelson expects that these machines, which only cost $200, will become very popular in California.

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE,* OF ILLINOIS.

Elihu B. Washburne, the present Representative in the national councils from the first Congressional District of Illinois, is a brother of Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine, and Hon. Cadw. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, both of whom are prominent members of Congress. Born at the family homestead in Livermore—then in Androscoggin County, Massachusetts, now in Oxford County, Maine—young Washburne received the advantages of public school education, and then was a student at Kent's Hill Seminary. Afterward he served an apprenticeship in the printing-office of the Kennebec *Journal* (then conducted by Hon. Luther Sevrance), and acquired the rare benefits of typographical knowledge, so well calculated to qualify intelligent minds for any position in public life. Nearly a score of the members of the present Congress can claim a printing-office as their *alma mater*.

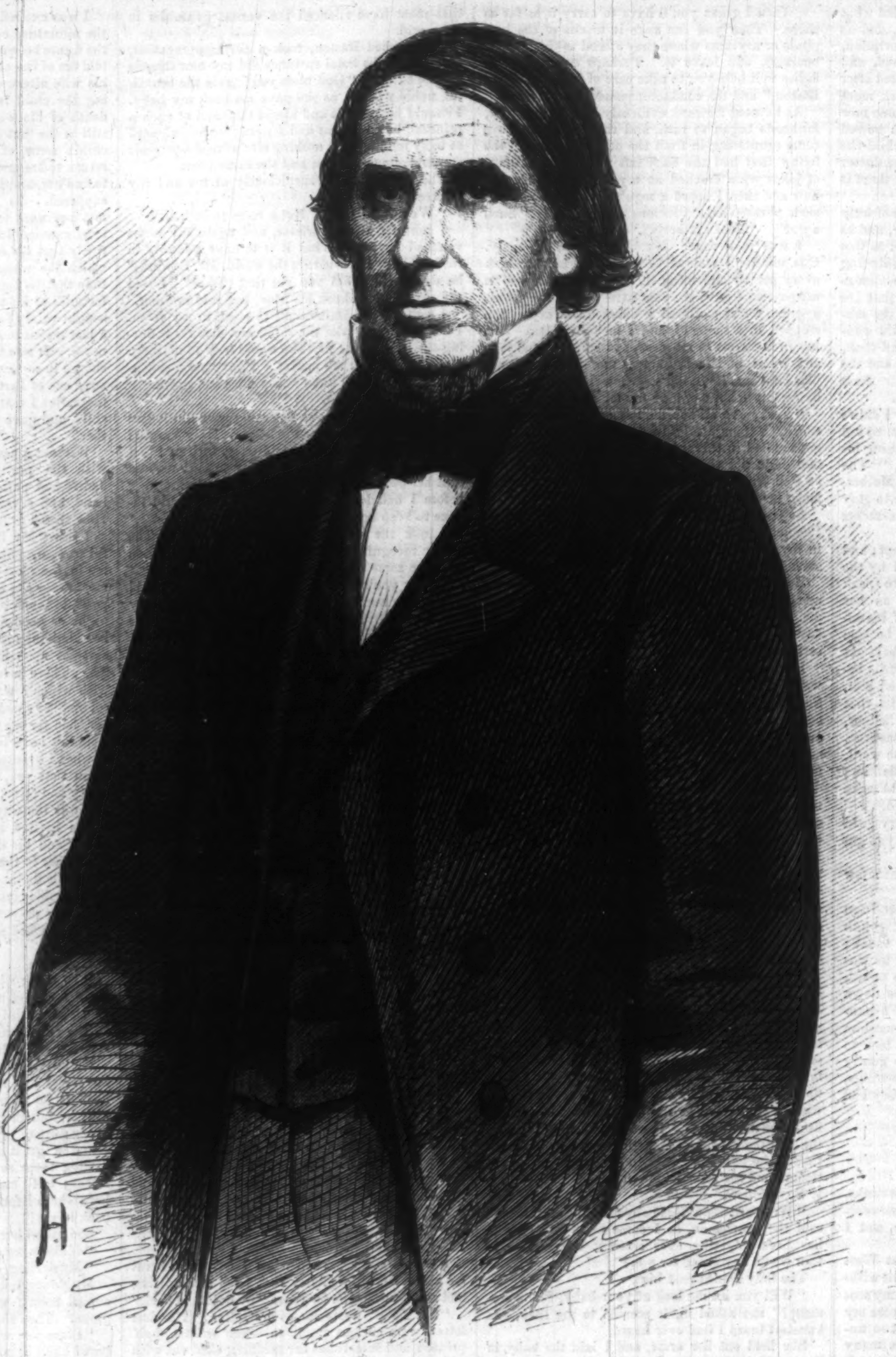
In 1838 young Washburne entered the office of Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell (afterward a member of Congress), as a student-at-law. In the following year he entered the Law School of Harvard College, where he graduated, and was afterward admitted to the bar. At that time the tide of emigration was setting toward the northern portion of the Mississippi Valley, and Mr. Washburne turned his footsteps toward that fertile region, so truly styled an extensive field of generous rivalry, where honor and distinction are achieved by those who are capable of grasping and worthy of holding them.

Mr. Washburne settled in the picturesque town of Galena, then the head-quarters of those engaged in mining lead, which is found thereabouts in great abundance. Commencing the practice of law, he soon acquired the respect and confidence of the hardy and adventurous people among whom he had located. Basing his professional action on the truth and justice of the law, he acquired an enviable reputation as an able, a reliable, and a candid lawyer, and thus secured a lucrative practice.

In 1845 Mr. Washburne married Miss Adele Gratiot, of Galena, a daughter of Colonel Henry Gratiot, well known as a pioneer in the settlement of the Northwest, while his brother, General Charles Gratiot, was the principal engineer officer in the Indian expeditions conducted by General W. H. Harrison and others in that region. Although decided in his attachment for the principles of the Whig party, Mr. Washburne took no active part in politics, preferring the quiet pursuit of his profession and the comforts of domestic life.

He was called from this retirement, however, in 1852, when he was nominated by the Whigs as their candidate for Congress in opposition to the Hon. Thompson Campbell, who then represented the district. After an animated contest Mr. Washburne was elected, and has since been three times re-elected. In 1852 his majority was two hundred and eighty-six; in 1856 it was *twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-four*, and his District gave Colonel Frémont the largest majority of any district in the United States.

Mr. Washburne was an active opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and subsequently distinguished himself by his exertions in behalf of the "Free-State" people of Kansas. His speeches on this question are characterized by logical arrangement, legal learning, and a fearless avowal of the views of his constituents so unmistakably expressed at the ballot-box.



HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, OF ILLINOIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

[From a Photograph by Brady.]

After the prolonged contest for the Speakership of the Thirty-fourth Congress was terminated by the election of Mr. Banks to the Speaker's chair, Mr. Washburne was placed at the head of the Committee on Commerce—a marked compliment, as that position had generally been filled by the Representative of some commercial sea-port. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was retained on this Committee by Speaker Orr; and now that the Thirty-sixth Congress has at last been organized, we find that Speaker Pennington has restored him to his former position as Chairman of the Committee. This was in accordance with the generally expressed desire of members of all parties, who wished to see "the right man in the right place."

Since Mr. Washburne has been a member of the Committee of Commerce he has paid great attention to the codification of the Revenue Laws of the United States, which have been accumulating, unrevised, since 1793. He has also urged the proper improvement of harbors on the Western lakes, and of dangerous rapids in the Mississippi River. The great scheme for connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific has found in him an earnest advocate: "I am," said he, in debate, "for a Pacific Railroad, earnestly, sincerely, and in good faith. I do not care from what side of the House the proposition comes; whether it be from the Republican side (from which nearly the whole number of votes that are to carry the measure are to come), or whether it be from the Democratic side. I care not what party or what individual shall have the credit of the measure, provided the credit belongs to such party or such individual."

Mr. Washburne has earnestly endeavored, year after year past, to suitably amend the Act of Congress better to provide for the security of the lives of passengers on board vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam. The owners of steamers, who would be subject to heavy expense in complying with the proposed requisitions, have thus far succeeded in opposing Mr. Washburne's projected law. But the frequent disasters that follow in too rapid succession have aroused the attention of the public, and imperative demands are now made for some regulations by which a recurrence of these terrible calamities may be prevented.

Mr. Washburne is ever on the alert to assert and to maintain the rights of his constituents. Is the tariff agitated, he demands that the interests of the lead-miners shall be remembered. If money is to be appropriated for public buildings, the custom-houses and post-offices at the Northwest must not be left unfinished; and manfully has stood up in behalf of Rock Island in the Mississippi River, one of the most beautiful spots in the Republic. "I contend," said he, "that this Rock Island reservation ought never to be sold. I never want to see it go out of the hands of the Government. I appeal to all Western men to stand by that beautiful island, and to protect it from the gang of trespassers, speculators, and plunderers who are now spoliating and destroying it. Protect it, I say, from those who now seek, not only to despoil it by stripping it of its timber, but to secure the title to it at a nominal price. I want that island reserved. I am against its sale in any way or shape. I want to see it reserved and protected in its original beauty. I expect, at no very distant day, to see it the site of some splendid public work. It is one of the most fitting sites for a national armory or a military hospital for the Northwest. It should never be sold; and we should do something to protect it."

Mr. Washburne is a thick-set, well-made, middle-sized gentleman, with light hair, a pleas-

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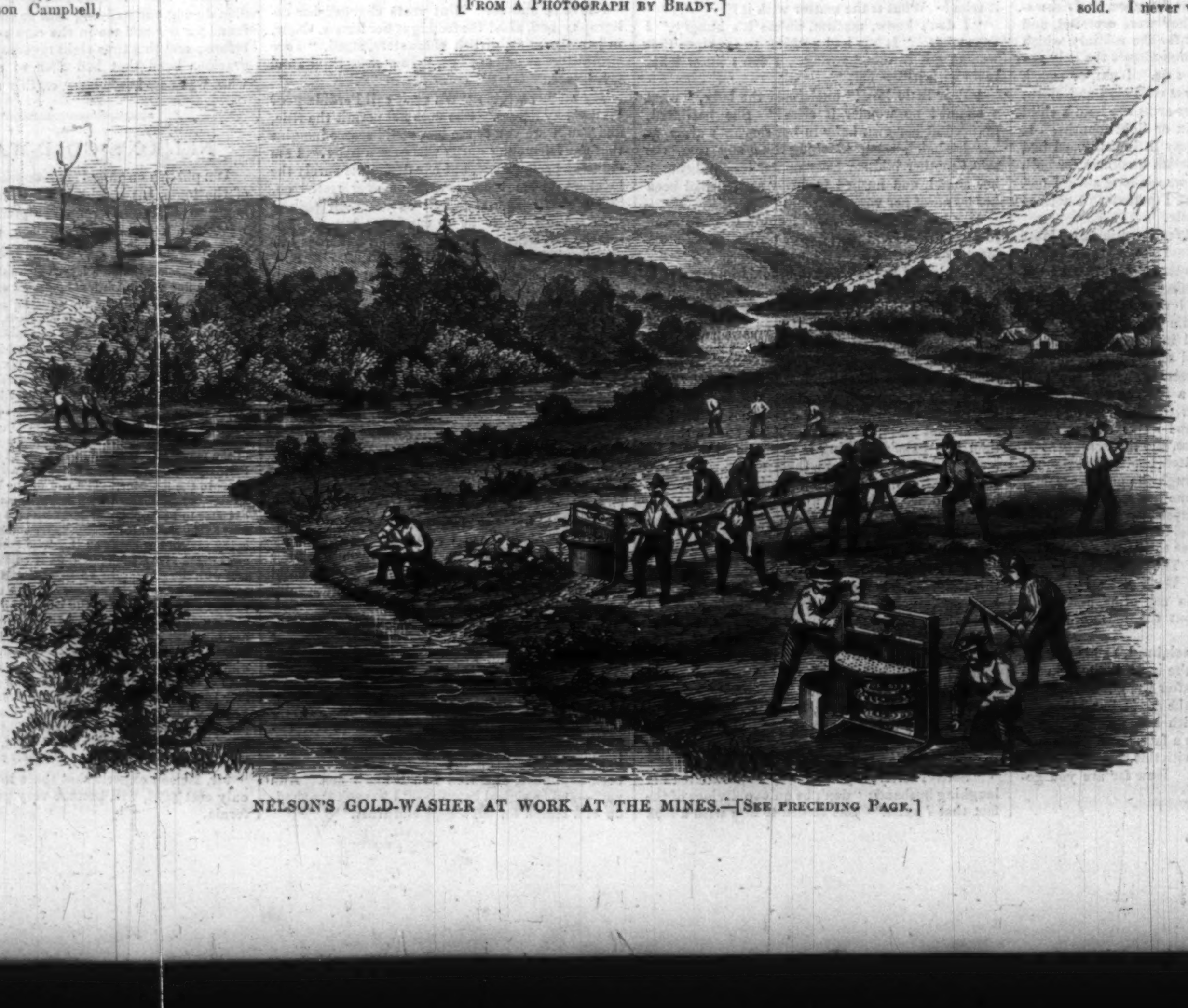
* This Mr. Washburne has a final *e*—his brothers do not use it in spelling their names.



NELSON'S GOLD-WASHER AT WORK AT THE MINES.—[See preceding Page.]

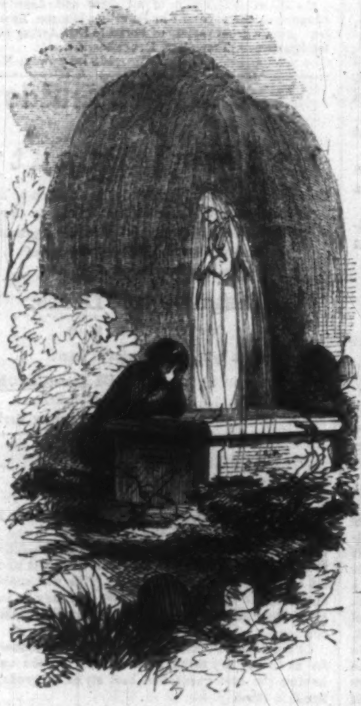
ant expression of countenance, and that rare quality for which Themistocles was famed—*the ability to inspire confidence.* What he says, either in private or political life, *he means.* Unbending integrity marks his official career; while he is equally distinguished by his active sympathy for the oppressed, his assiduous labors in promoting the social advancement of his adopted home, and his devotion to his numerous friends.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 4th. The misery of self-reproach which I suffered yesterday evening, on hearing what Laura told me in the boat-house, returned in the loneliness of the night, and kept me waking and wretched for hours.

I lighted the candle at last, and searched through my old journals to see what my share in the fatal error of her marriage had really been, and what I might have once done to save her from it. The result soothed me a little; for it showed that, however blindly and ignorantly I acted, I acted for the best. Crying generally does me harm; but it was not so last night—I think it relieved me. I rose this morning with a settled resolution and a quiet mind. Nothing Sir Percival can say or do shall ever irritate me again, or make me forget, for one moment, that I am staying here, in defiance of mortifications, insults, and threats, for Laura's service and for Laura's sake.

The speculations in which we might have indulged this morning on the subject of the figure at the lake and the footsteps in the plantation, have been all suspended by a trifling accident which has caused Laura great regret. She has lost the little brooch I gave her for a keepsake on the day before her marriage. As she wore it when we went out yesterday evening, we can only suppose that it must have dropped from her dress either in the boat-house or on our way back. The servants have been sent to search and have returned unsuccessful. And now Laura herself has just gone to look for it. Whether she finds it or not, the loss will help to excuse her absence from the house if Sir Percival returns before the letter from Mr. Gilmore's partner is placed in my hands.

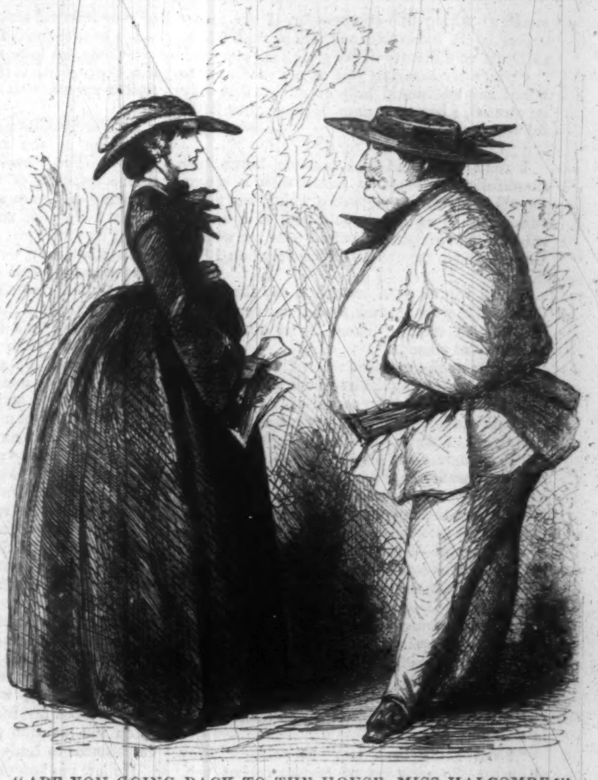
One o'clock has just struck. I am considering whether I had better wait here for the arrival of the messenger from London, or slip away quietly, and watch for him outside the lodge-gate.

My suspicion of every body and every thing in this house inclines me to think that the second plan may be the best. The Count is safe in the breakfast-room. I heard him through the door, as I ran up stairs ten minutes since, exercising his canary-birds at their tricks: "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties! Come out, and hop up stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The birds burst into their usual ecstasy of singing, and the Count chirruped and whistled at them in return, as if he was a bird himself. My room door is open, and I can hear the shrill singing and whistling at this moment. If I am really to slip out without being observed, now is my time.

Four o'clock. I come back to this journal with sensations filling my mind which it would be useless for any woman to attempt to describe. The three hours that have passed since I made my last entry have turned the whole march of events at Blackwater Park in a new direction. Whether for good or for evil I can not and dare not decide.

Let me get back first to the place at which I left off, or I shall lose myself in the confusion of my own thoughts.

I went out, as I had proposed, to meet the messenger with my letter from London, at the lodge-gate. On the stairs I saw no one. In the hall I heard the Count still exercising his birds. But on crossing the quadrangle outside I passed Madame Fosco, walking by herself in her favorite circle, round and round the great fish-pond. I at once slackened my pace so as to avoid all appearance of being in a hurry; and even went the length, for caution's sake, of inquiring if she thought of going out before lunch. She smiled at me in the friendliest manner—said she preferred remaining near the house—nodded pleasantly—and re-entered the hall. I looked back, and saw that she had closed the door before I had opened the wicket by the side of the carriage gates.



"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE, MISS HALCOMBE?"

In less than a quarter of an hour I reached the lodge.

The lane outside took a sudden turn to the left, ran on straight for a hundred yards or so, and then took another sharp turn to the right to join the high road. Between these two turns, hidden from the lodge on one side and from the way to the station on the other, I waited, walking backward and forward. High hedges were on either side of me; and for twenty minutes by my watch, I neither saw nor heard any thing. At the end of that time the sound of a carriage caught my ear; and I was met, as I advanced toward the second turning, by a fly from the railway. I made a sign to the driver to stop. As he obeyed me a respectable-looking man put his head out of the window to see what was the matter.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "but am I right in supposing that you are going to Blackwater Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With a letter for any one?"

"With a letter for Miss Halcombe, ma'am."

"You may give me the letter. I am Miss Halcombe."

The man touched his hat, got out of the fly immediately, and gave me the letter.

I opened it at once; and read these lines. I copy them here (without the address to me or the writer's signature); thinking it best to destroy the original for caution's sake.

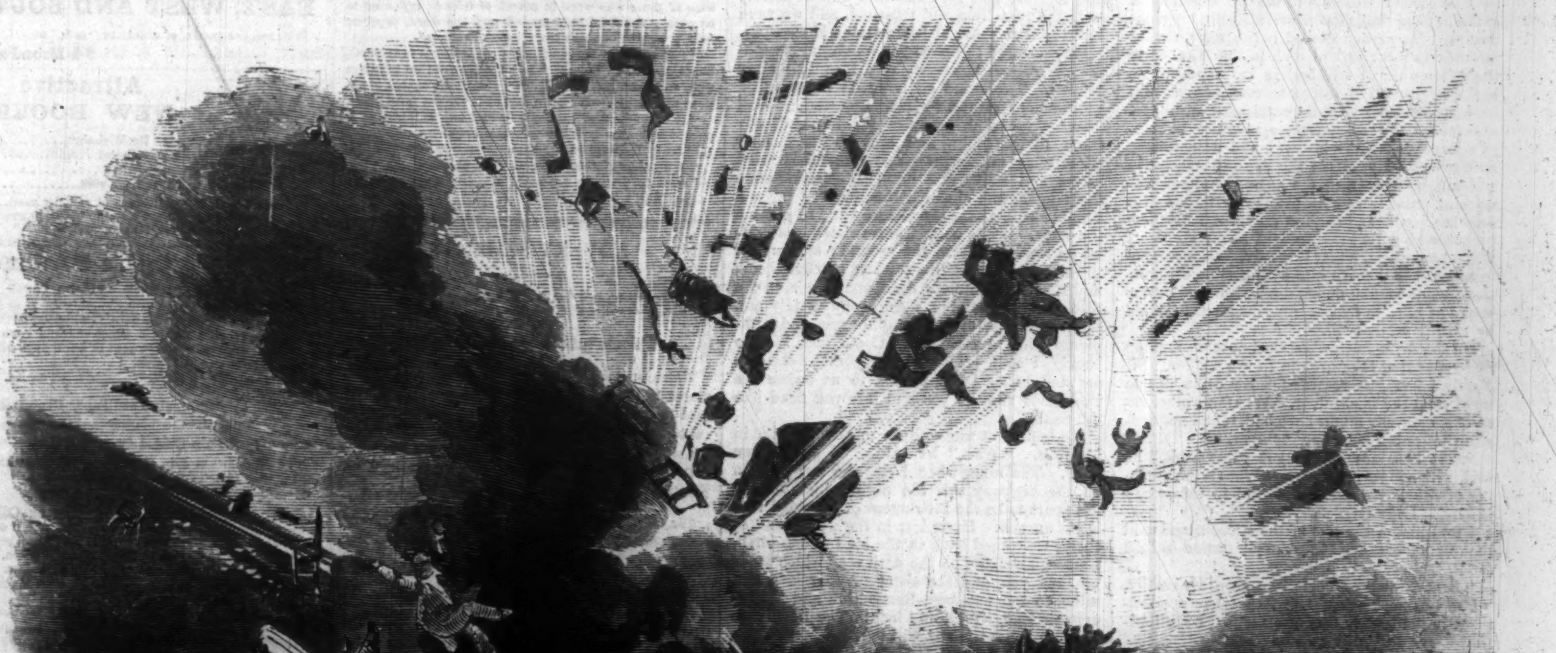
"*Private and Confidential.*

"Dear Madam,—Your letter, received this morning, has caused me very great anxiety. I will reply to it as briefly and plainly as possible.

"My careful consideration of the statement made by yourself, and my knowledge of Lady Glyde's position, as defined in the settlement, lead me, I regret to say, to the conclusion that a loan of the trust money to Sir Percival (or, in other words, a loan of some portion of the twenty thousand pounds of Lady Glyde's fortune), is in contemplation, and that she is made a party to the deed, in order to secure her approval of a flagrant breach of trust, and to have her signature produced against her if she should complain hereafter. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to account, situated as she is, for her execution to a deed of any kind being wanted at all.

"In the event of Lady Glyde's signing such a document as I am compelled to suppose the deed in question to be, her trustees would be at liberty to advance money to Sir Percival out of her twenty thousand pounds. If the amount so lent should not be paid back, and if Lady Glyde should have children, their fortune would then be diminished by the sum, large or small, so advanced. In plainer terms still, the transaction, for any thing Lady Glyde knows to the contrary, may be a fraud upon her unborn children.

"Under these serious circumstances I would recommend Lady Glyde to assign as a reason for withholding her signature, that she wishes the deed to be first submitted to myself, as her family solicitor (in the absence of my partner, Mr. Gilmore). No reasonable objection can be



EXPLOSION OF A STEAMER ON THE DELAWARE, MARCH 6, 1860.—[See next Page.]

made to taking this course—for, if the transaction is an honorable one, there will necessarily be no difficulty in my giving my approval.

"Sincerely assuring you of my readiness to afford any additional help or advice that may be wanted, I beg to remain, Madam, your faithful servant, ———"

I read this kind and sensible letter very thankfully. It supplied Laura with a reason for objecting to the signature which was unanswerable, and which we could both of us understand. The messenger waited near me while I was reading to receive his directions when I had done.

"Will you be good enough to say that I understand the letter, and that I am very much obliged?" I said. "There is no other reply necessary at present."

Exactly at the moment when I was speaking these words, holding the letter open in my hand, Count Fosco turned the corner of the lane from the high road, and stood before me as if he had sprung out of the earth.

The suddenness of his appearance, in the very last place under heaven in which I should have expected to see him, took me completely by surprise. The messenger wished me good-morning, and got into the fly again. I could not say a word to him—I was not even able to return his bow. The conviction that I was discovered—and by that man of all others—absolutely petrified me.

"Are you going back to the house, Miss Halcombe?" he inquired, without showing the least surprise on his side, and without even looking after the fly, which drove off while he was speaking to me.

I collected myself sufficiently to make a sign in the affirmative.

"I am going back too," he said. "Pray allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you take my arm? You look surprised at seeing me!"

I took his arm. The first of my scattered senses that came back was the sense that warned me to sacrifice any thing rather than make an enemy of him.

"You look surprised at seeing me!" he repeated, in his quietly pertinacious way.

"I thought, Count, I heard you with your birds in the breakfast-room," I answered, as quietly and firmly as I could.

"Surely. But my little feathered children, dear lady, are only too like other children. They have their days of perversity; and this morning was one of them. My wife came in, as I was putting them back in their cage, and said she had left you going out alone for a walk. You told her so, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Miss Halcombe, the pleasure of accompanying you was too great a temptation for me to resist. At my age there is no harm in confessing so much as that, is there? I seized my hat, and set off to offer myself as your escort. Even so fat an old man as Fosco is surely better than no escort at all? I took the wrong path—I came back in despair—and here I am arrived (may I say it?) at the height of my wishes."

He talked on in this complimentary strain, with a fluency which left me no exertion to make beyond the effort of maintaining my composure. He never referred in the most distant manner to what he had seen in the lane, or to the letter which I still had in my hand. This ominous discretion helped to convince me that he must have surprised, by the most dishonorable means, the secret of my application in Laura's interests, to the lawyer; and that, having now assured himself of the private manner in which I had received the answer, he had discovered enough to suit his purposes, and was only bent on trying to quiet the suspicions which he knew he must have aroused in my mind. I was wise enough, under these circumstances, not to attempt to deceive him by plausible explanations—and woman enough, notwithstanding my dread of him, to feel as if my hand was tainted by resting on his arm.

On the drive in front of the house we met the dog-cart being taken round to the stables. Sir Percival had just returned. He came out to meet us at the house-door. Whatever other results his journey might have had, it had not ended in softening his savage temper.

"Oh! here are two of you come back," he said, with a lowering face. "What is the meaning of the house being deserted in this way? Where is Lady Glyde?"

I told him of the loss of the brooch, and said that Laura had gone into the plantation to look for it.

"Brooch or no brooch," he growled, sulkily, "I recommend her not to forget her appointment in the library this afternoon. I shall expect to see her in half an hour."

I took my hand from the Count's arm, and slowly ascended the steps. He honored me with one of his magnificent bows, and then addressed himself gayly to the scowling master of the house.

"Tell me, Percival," he said, "have you had a pleasant drive? And has your pretty shining Brown Molly come back at all tired?"

"Brown Molly be hanged—and the drive too! I want my lunch."

"And I want five minutes' talk with you, Percival, first," returned the Count. "Five minutes' talk, my friend, here on the grass."

"What about?"

"About business that very much concerns you."

I lingered long enough, in passing through the hall-door, to hear this question and answer, and to see Sir Percival thrust his hands into his pockets in sullen hesitation.

"If you want to badger me with any more of your infernal scruples," he said, "I, for one, won't hear them. I want my lunch!"

"Come out here and speak to me," repeated the Count, still perfectly uninfluenced by the rudest speech that his friend could make to him.

Sir Percival descended the steps. The Count took him by the arm, and walked him away gently. The "business," I was sure, referred to the question of the signature. They were speaking of Laura and of me beyond a doubt. I felt heart-sick and faint with anxiety. It might be of the last importance to both of us to know what they were saying to each other at that moment—and not one word of it could by any possibility reach my ears.

I walked about the house, from room to room, with the lawyer's letter in my bosom (I was afraid by this time even to trust it under lock and key), till the oppression of my suspense half maddened me. There were no signs of Laura's return; and I thought of going out to look for her. But my strength was so exhausted by the trials and anxieties of the morning that the heat of the day quite overpowered me; and after an attempt to get to the door I was obliged to return to the drawing-room and lie down on the nearest sofa to recover.

I was just composing myself when the door opened softly and the Count looked in.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said; "I only venture to disturb you because I am the bearer of good news. Percival—who is capricious in every thing, as you know—has seen fit to alter his mind at the last moment; and the business of the signature is put off for the present. A great relief to all of us, Miss Halcombe, as I see with pleasure in your face. Pray present my best respects and felicitations when you mention this pleasant change of circumstances to Lady Glyde."

He left me before I had recovered my astonishment. There could be no doubt that this extraordinary alteration of purpose in the matter of the signature was due to his influence; and that his discovery of my application to London yesterday, and of my having received an answer to it to-day, had offered him the means of interfering with certain success.

I felt these impressions; but my mind seemed to share the exhaustion of my body, and I was in no condition to dwell on them, with any useful reference to the doubtful present or the threatening future. I tried a second time to run out and find Laura, but my head was giddy and my knees trembled under me. There was no choice but to give it up again and return to the sofa, sorely against my will.

The quiet in the house and the low murmuring hum of summer insects outside the open window soothed me. My eyes closed of themselves; and I passed gradually into a strange condition, which was not waking—for I knew nothing of what was going on about me; and not sleeping—for I was conscious of my own repose. In this state my fevered mind broke loose from me, while my weary body was at rest; and in a trance, or day-dream of my fancy—I know not what to call it—I saw Walter Hartright. I had not thought of him since I rose that morning; Laura had not said one word to me either directly or indirectly referring to him; and yet I saw him now as plainly as if the past time had returned, and we were both together again at Limmeridge House.

He appeared to me as one among many other men, none of whose faces I could plainly discern. They were all lying on the steps of an immense ruined temple. Colossal tropical trees—with rank creepers twining endlessly about their trunks, and hideous stone idols glimmering and grinning at intervals behind leaves and stalks and branches—surrounded the temple, and shut out the sky, and threw a dismal shadow over the forlorn band of men on the steps. White exhalations twisted and curled up stealthily from the ground; approached the men in wreaths, like smoke; touched them; and stretched them out dead, one by one, in the places where they lay. An agony of pity and fear for Walter loosened my tongue, and I implored him to escape. "Come back! come back!" I said. "Remember your promise to *her* and to *me*. Come back to us before the Pestilence reaches you and lays you dead like the rest!"

He looked at me with an unearthly quiet in his face. "Wait," he said. "I shall come back. The night when I met the lost Woman on the highway was the night which set my life apart to be the instrument of a Design that is yet unseen. Here, lost in the wilderness, or there, welcomed back in the land of my birth, I am still walking on the dark road which leads me, and you, and the sister of your love and mine, to the unknown Retribution and the inevitable End. Wait and look. The Pestilence which touches the rest will pass *me*."

I saw him again. He was still in the forest; and the numbers of his lost companions had dwindled to very few. The temple was gone, and the idols were gone—and, in their place, the figures of dark, dwarfish men lurked murderously among the trees, with bows in their hands and arrows fitted to the string. Once more I feared for Walter, and cried out to warn him. Once more he turned to me, with the immovable quiet in his face. "Another step," he said, "on the dark road. Wait and look. The arrows that strike the rest will spare *me*."

I saw him for the third time, in a wrecked ship, stranded on a wild, sandy shore. The overloaded boats were making away from him for the land, and he alone was left to sink with the ship. I cried to him to hail the hindmost boat, and to make a last effort for his life. The quiet face looked at me in return, and the unmoved voice gave me back the changeless reply. "Another step on the journey. Wait and look. The Sea which drowns the rest will spare *me*."

I saw him for the last time. He was kneeling by a tomb of white marble; and the shadow of a vailed woman rose out of the grave beneath and waited by his side. The unearthly quiet of his face had changed to an unearthly sorrow. But the terrible certainty of his words remained the same. "Darker and darker," he said; "farther and farther yet. Death takes the good, the beautiful, and the young—and spares *me*. The Pestilence that wastes, the Arrow that strikes, the Sea that drowns, the Grave that closes over Love and Hope are steps of my journey, and take me nearer and nearer to the End."

My heart sank under a dread beyond words, under a grief beyond tears. The darkness closed round the pilgrim at the marble tomb; closed round the vailed woman from the grave; closed round the dreamer who looked on them. I saw and heard no more.

I was aroused by a hand laid on my shoulder. It was Laura's.

She had dropped on her knees by the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed and agitated, and her eyes met mine in a wild, bewildered manner. I started up the instant I saw her.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What has frightened you?"

She looked round at the half-open door—put her lips close to my ear—and answered in a whisper:

"Marian!—the figure at the lake—the footsteps last night—I've just seen her! I've just spoken to her!"

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Anne Catherick."

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WE engrave on the preceding page the terrible explosion which took place on the 6th inst. on the Delaware. The story is thus told by the Easton (Pa.) *Express:*

"This morning the shores of the Delaware, below the bridge, on both sides of the river, were crowded with persons to witness the departure of the little steamer which had been built at this place to run between Belvidere and Port Jervis. At 11 o'clock the steamer left the lock at Snufftown, and made her way up the river against a swift current, and having on board about a hundred men. As she passed along the crowds on both shores cheered heartily, the sight being a most beautiful one. At the bridge she stopped, when a number got off, leaving aboard about forty persons, and then went on up the river, the crowd returning, supposing that she would run safely to Belvidere. But how much were they mistaken, and how sad was the news which startled the community at noon, when the report came that the steamer had blown up on the other side of the island near the Water-works!

"It appears that she was moored at that spot, and when all was ready to start the boiler exploded with a terrible crash, the pieces flying in every direction, and the boat becoming in an instant a complete wreck; while some of the passengers on board were thrown fifty feet into the air, others were blown off into the water and slightly injured, and others again were dreadfully mangled.

"The sight upon the land, to which we hastened immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe, was heart-rending. The torn limbs of the poor sufferers, the presence of those who were in search of friends supposed to be among the dead or wounded, and the dead, together formed a sight to make the stoutest heart sad.

"The scene on shore after the explosion it is impossible to describe. Women who were fearful that relatives were on board, ran up and down almost distracted, questioning almost every one in regard to the dreadful affair.

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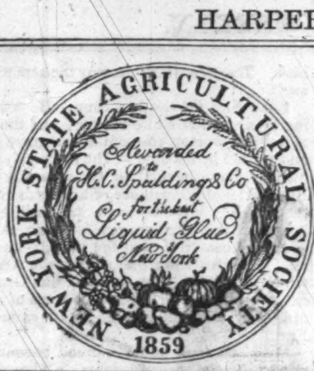
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